

Frontispiece.

MALAGASY EXILES WAITING TO EMBARK.

See page 122.

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MADAGASCAR

AND

ITS MARTYRS.

A

BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.



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LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

Explanation of the Frontispiece.

Rafaravavy, or Mary, sitting on the left.

Razafy, or Sarah, standing by her side.

Ratsarahomba, or David, pointing.

Andrianisa, or James.

Adrianomanana, or Simeon, standing.

Rasoamaka, or Joseph, on the ground.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PROPERTY OF
D. PRINCE
PREFACE.

As books for children usually pass through the hands of parents or teachers, it is presumed that the introduction of a few prefatory observations to adult readers may not be out of place.

This little book has been compiled from the Rev. W. Ellis's "History of Madagascar," in two volumes, and from the "Narrative of the Persecution in Madagascar," by the Rev. J. J. Freeman, and the Rev. D. Johns, in one volume. Mrs. Jeffrey's "Journal" has also been consulted, and the narrative has been carried on to the present time, by information obtained from the "Missionary Magazine" for 1840-41. Those circumstances only have been selected which appeared to be most likely to come home to the minds of children, the abundant and interesting materials afforded by the larger works rendering even such a selection difficult. The frontispiece was painted while the refugees were in England.

The extraordinary and deeply interesting events which have recently transpired in Madagascar, are as yet but partially known. For six years the little band of Christian sufferers in that island have been subjected to the loss of property and home—to bonds, imprisonment, and in some instances to death. Surely it is high time that the sympathy and prayers of all Christian people should be enlisted in their favour.

It is hoped that the illustrations of Christian principle thus brought to view may not be unprofitable to the youthful reader. In this favoured country, where the young convert meets with so little to try his faith and steadfastness, it may be well to set before him a piety which can endure the loss of all things, and count not life itself dear to win Christ. And in a day when the word of God seems in danger of being made of none effect by the traditions of men, it may not be without advantage to present an example of Christianity in simplicity and purity, and to show how the word of God alone, without even the stated means of pastoral superintendence and of public ordinances, has been proved sufficient as a rule of faith and conduct, and has led

to the highest and holiest manifestations of Christian character.

To the *Christian*, Madagascar is an object of intense interest. In converts whose principles have been matured in an atmosphere of surrounding heathenism, and in opposition to the force of early association, he finds an elevation and consistency of character which many under the favouring influence of Christian light and liberty have failed to attain. In regard to their Christian affection, the testimony of their enemies is, "You would be surprised at the love of these people for one another." "These praying people would sooner be cut to pieces than impeach their companions." Of their conscientious discharge of duty, "These people would indeed make excellent servants, if they would but leave off their religion." "Among the soldiers and bourgeois there are none more upright, diligent, and trustworthy than these praying people." The purity of their moral conduct has been one of the accusations against them, and their watchful enemies have been unable to find any fault in them, except "concerning the law of their God." Humility and gentleness are their prominent characteristics, and

their love to the word of God is touchingly evidenced, in a letter, dated June 26, 1841. In destitution of all earthly comforts, they write, "You ask us if we have any wants: we have, indeed, *one* want—our Bibles are worn out."

Many centuries have passed since the cry of a hundred thousand voices, in persecuting Rome, adjudged "the Christians to the lions." Far distant, in point of time and space, from the sphere of those events on which the Christian's hope is based, he has a fresh proof of the indestructibility of that principle which the powers of this world have so repeatedly laboured to extinguish. Instead of having become dim in the lapse of ages, it bursts forth with renewed brightness and purity; and no admixture of party spirit, no fainting in the day of adversity, no unlawful haste for martyrdom, no vindictive feeling towards the persecutor, has clouded that faith which has enabled each Christian martyr of Madagascar meekly to receive the fatal spear, and successively to testify, "I fear no evil"—"Into thine hands, Lord Jesus, I commit my spirit." Carried back in imagination to the days of primitive Christianity, each disciple

of Jesus here feels a renewed conviction, that he has "not followed cunningly devised fables," and rejoices in the assurance that these blessed principles which have lately won so signal a triumph in Madagascar, shall at no distant day, subdue all nations to the obedience of faith, and maintain undisputed empire throughout the world.

MADAGASCAR RE-OPENED.

[FROM THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR OF MARCH, 1853.]

THE vast, populous, and beautiful island of Madagascar has long been an object of intense interest to the Christian mind. It is thirty-five years since missionaries first landed on its shores, where they were welcomed and encouraged by Radama, one of the most remarkable potentates of his day. The gospel was preached, numerous schools were established, and the printing-press was actively employed, partly at the cost of the Religious Tract Society. In 1828, king Radama died, and with the accession of the present queen all this promising commencement was darkened; at length, in 1835, the edict was issued which repelled both Christianity and civilization from Madagascar; the ports were then closed against European ships. The persecuted missionaries were compelled to flee to other regions, the religion of Christ became a crime punishable with slavery and death, the congregations were dispersed, forty or fifty of the

converted Malagasses were martyred ; five hundred of them escaped to the Mauritius. During the reign of terror, we are told that tens increased to hundreds, so that thousands continued to study the Holy Scriptures, to sanctify the Christian Sabbath, and to meet on the mountains and in the caves of Madagascar, uniting in acts of love, obedience, and worship to God and to the Redeemer.

So late as 1851 persecution was renewed, and the sufferings of the native disciples were great. The accounts received of their fortitude, when brought forth to martyrdom, appeal to the most tender feelings of the heart.

The surviving believers have at length their reward : “ The only child of the queen, and heir to the throne, upon whom the government has now devolved, has learned the faith in which the martyrs died ; and the only son of the late persecuting prime minister, the bitterest foe of the converts, has professed himself their friend.” With Christianity, civilization returns, and the ports of Madagascar are to be opened to the missionaries, and, at the same time, to the commerce of the world.

The professing Christians are still numerous. At Tananarivo they are said to be five thousand, while others are prepared to listen to the gospel. It is now for those who once laboured and prayed for the conversion of Madagascar to move forward promptly, and avail themselves of the door which is thrown open for their admittance.

MADAGASCAR

&c.

I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY OF MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR is an island off the south-east coast of Africa, rather larger than Great Britain and Ireland. It is about 900 miles long, and from 300 to 400 broad, and contains upwards of 4,000,000 of people. All down the centre of the island, there runs a chain of mountains, while the land near the coast is very low and damp. There are many large lakes, in some of which are beautiful green islands, with people living on them. There are plenty of rivers, down which the natives go in little canoes, hollowed out of the trunks of trees; and they sometimes fasten their lam-bas, or long robes, to a pole, for a sail. Some of these rivers are very narrow. There is one river called Maty-tanana, or "the dead

hand," because there is a story that once on a time, two immense giants were disputing on the opposite banks, when one seized hold of the hand of the other, wrenched it off, and then threw it into the water.

In many places are large caverns in the rocks. A whole army was once hid in one of these caverns, while, without knowing it, the enemy walked over their heads. In some of these caverns, beautiful spar hangs, like icicles, from the roof. Robbers often hide in these caves, and of late years many of the persecuted Christians have found shelter in them.

There are also many large forests, into which if you were to go far, you would never find your way out again. Thither criminals often escape, and there too, many of the Christians have hid, and perhaps are hiding now. In some other parts, as well as in the forests, you might travel for many miles in a death-like solitude, with no sound but here and there the rushing of cataracts, and perhaps you would think of the words of Jane Taylor—

“If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.”

Some of the lakes near the coast look like forests; the water is shallow, and the green plants grow in them so luxuriantly as to hide the water.

There are often violent hail-storms with dreadful thunder and lightning in Madagascar, and sometimes whirlwinds and water-spouts. All the low land near the coast is very hot and damp, and people who stay there, frequently get the Malagasy fever, which is very trying and dangerous. About thirty miles inland, the ground begins to rise, and the air to get cooler, and all the middle part of the island is healthy and pleasant.

In some parts there is plenty of iron, and there are other metals besides. The soil is generally very fertile, and almost all the trees and plants which have been taken thither, from other countries, have grown well. There are tamarind and fig-trees, plantains and bananas, cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees; there the dreadful *tangena* tree, of which you will hear more by-and-by; oranges, lemons, peaches, pine-apples, and mulberries flourish; spices and sugar-canes, cotton, tobacco, indigo, and hemp; rice, manioc, ginger, and arrow-root, are grown in great quantities; silk is culti-

vated largely, and coffee succeeds well; potatoes have been introduced, and are very much liked; honey, wax, oil, ebony, and gums, are also to be had in abundance.

As for animals, there are plenty of horned cattle, both tame and wild; all of which have a hump on their backs, like buffaloes. There are sheep, swine, and goats; wild hogs, cats, and dogs; beautiful lemurs, monkeys, foxes, mice, and bats. There are fowls of all kinds in abundance, and birds of beautiful plumage are seen in the forests. Travellers sometimes make a supper of little paroquets. There are scorpions, lizards, and serpents; and crocodiles and alligators abound in the lakes and rivers. In some parts the crocodiles are fifteen feet long, and in others they are said to be much longer. These creatures often seize on bullocks that come to drink, or to cross the stream. They often eat their own young. The little ones run to the water as soon as they burst from the shell, and sometimes a whole row of crocodiles are waiting to devour them. The crocodiles are particularly dangerous to dogs, and it is said, that sometimes when a dog wants to cross the water alone, he will bark a long time at the

water-side to attract all the crocodiles together, and will then run away very fast, and cross the river further up, at the place which they have left.

II.

CUSTOMS OF THE MALAGASY.

THE people of Madagascar are called Malagasy. They have black hair, fine white teeth, and bright black eyes. Some are olive-coloured, others darker, and some quite black. They do not all appear to have sprung from the same race, as some have woolly hair like the negroes, while others are like Arabs, or Malays. Many of them have high foreheads, and fine intelligent countenances. Their language is very much like that of the Malays, and is soft and musical. The vowels have the French sound.

The houses are built with sloping roofs, high in the middle, and with long poles that cross at the top, and are ornamented at the ends. The height of the houses, and the length of the poles, is according to the rank of the owner. No one dares build his house higher

than that of the king. The good houses are built of wood or bamboo: the poor ones of mud, sometimes coloured with yellow or light pink earth. There is only one room in a house, but the rich often have several houses. There is no chimney, and the soot which collects over the fire-place is never cleared away, as the more soot there is, the more honourable they think it to the family. The rice-pits are generally under ground, something in the shape of a bee-hive, with a small opening at the top.

The people live chiefly upon rice. They eat poultry, beef, mutton, veal, and lamb, and in some parts pork, and the flesh of the wild boar. And what you will think strange, they sometimes eat monkeys and hedge-hogs, grasshoppers and silk worms in the chrysalis state, fried or cooked in some particular way, and great quantities of crocodiles' eggs. They break the shell off these eggs, and then dry them in the sun: sometimes one family will have a store of as many as five hundred. Hens' eggs are also eaten, and those which have *chickens* in them are thought a great dainty.

The Malagasy keep a cock roosting in the

house to call them in the morning, and they keep time in the day by the shadows on the ground. They are fond of going to market, and of hawking things about like peddlers. They amuse themselves with hunting wild cattle and wild boars. Sometimes they will bury a poor fowl in the ground all but its head, and try who can first hit it with a stone: he who hits it may have it. They much enjoy a kicking game, in which they all try to kick one another backwards, like so many donkeys. They are fond of music, such as it is, and make poetry after a fashion. The men have powerful voices, and sometimes speak with much native eloquence in the open air to thousands of people.

The fathers carry their little boys sitting on their shoulders, and hold them by one hand to keep them from falling: the mothers carry their children on their backs, or on their sides. When the children grow older, they have a custom of offering their mothers a piece of money called "fofon damosina," or "the remembrance of the back," meaning that they do not forget all the care and kindness of their mothers when they were little. It would

be well if some Christian children thought more of it than they do.

The servants in Madagascar are slaves. They are often poor creatures who have been taken prisoners in war. They receive no wages: they must not run away; and their masters may punish them as severely as they please, so that they do not kill them.

With the exception of one little band of Christians, of whom we shall speak further on, and a few Mohammedans, the Malagasy are heathens. You will not therefore be surprised to hear that there is much wickedness among them. They lie, and steal, and cheat; many of them are indolent and dirty, indulge in bad habits, and take pleasure in cruel sights. There are, however, some pleasant things about them even while heathens. They love their country and their homes. They are dutiful children and affectionate parents. They are often sincere and generous in their friendships. They take great care of their sick relatives. They are very hospitable and kind both to one another and to strangers, and they think it a very disgraceful thing to be selfish, especially in eating and drinking.

III.

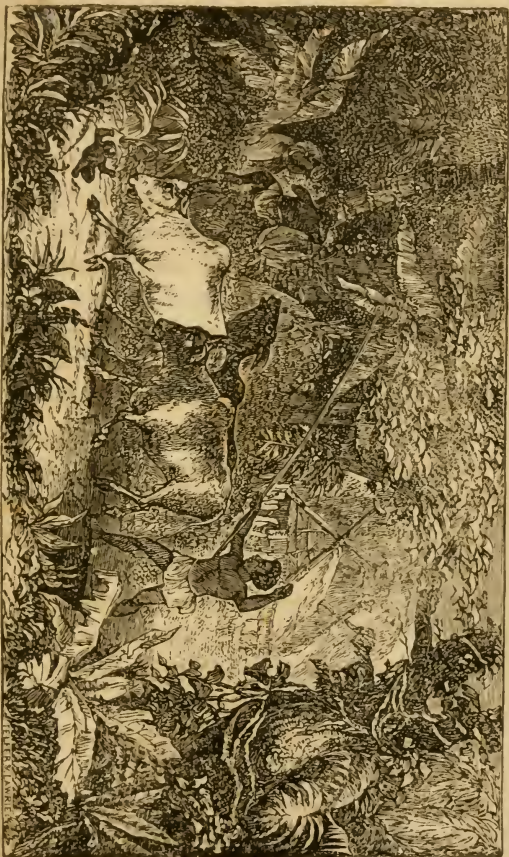
RELIGION OF THE MALAGASY.

THE Malagasy have some idea that there must be a God who made all things, but they know nothing about him. They worship ugly wooden idols. Some of these, the chief or national idols, must not be seen uncovered. Their keepers say they are too sacred to be seen: They are kept in houses by themselves, and the people bring offerings to them. There are more common idols which are made to order by the idol makers, and which the people keep in their houses, or carry in some fold of their dress, for they never wear any pockets. The people generally keep one day in seven sacred to their chief idol: some keep Friday, some Saturday, some Sunday, according to which idol it is that they worship. Besides these wooden idols, they seem almost to worship the crocodile, for when they are going to cross a river, they say this prayer: "O Crocodile! do not hurt us! we do not hurt you: our fathers never hurt you, and we promise that our children never shall."

The Malagasy also worship at the graves

of their ancestors. They have no word for *soul*, though they seem to think that something remains of people after they are dead:—a sort of ghost of which they are very much afraid. They make fine tombs for themselves and for their friends, and spend a great deal of money at funerals. When a rich man dies they bury money, clothes, and other things with him.

The people of Madagascar are strong believers in witchcraft and in the power of charms, and in lucky and unlucky days. If a poor little baby is born on an unlucky day, they think they must put it to death: sometimes a cord is tied rather tightly round its neck, and then its head is held down in a pan of warm water till it is dead: sometimes it is laid down on the ground, at the narrow entrance of a cattle-fold, and the cattle are driven towards it into the fold, that it may take its chance of being trampled to death.—You may see this in the picture.—The poor father and mother are hiding their heads that they may not see the death of the child, for they are much distressed at losing it. If the cattle should not kill it, they think it a sign



that the poor infant may be suffered to live, but it is very seldom that it escapes.

When people are suspected of witchcraft, they are generally put to the ordeal of "tangena." This is a very disagreeable, foolish, and cruel custom; but as you will often hear of it in this book, it is necessary for you to understand what it is. The person who is accused has first a meal of rice: then he is made to swallow three pieces of the skin of a fowl, and then to drink a draught mixed with the nut of the tangena to make him sick, and then large quantities of hot water. If all the three pieces of skin come up, the man is said to be innocent, but if only one remains behind, he is considered guilty, and is usually put to death. Sometimes the poor people thus found guilty are at once killed with a club:—sometimes they are crucified;—sometimes buried alive:—sometimes all their limbs are broken, by throwing them from a high rock; sometimes a good many are put in a large rice-pit, and boiling water poured in at the top, and they are scalded to death; if there is any fear that this will not quite destroy the witchcraft, the head of a black dog is cut off and thrown into the pit.

Those who give the tangena can easily make the person accused die under it. When the nut is very red, it is a pretty sure sign that it is poisonous, and the person who takes it generally dies in dreadful pain.

It would shock you too much to tell you of all the cruel things that are done in Madagascar: these few are mentioned that you may learn to pity those poor benighted people.

One would think that the Malagasy could have little enjoyment in life with the dread of death always hanging over them: their enemies may at any time accuse them of witchcraft, and perhaps bring them to a violent death; then their friends sorrow over them "as those who have no hope;" they have no bright world in prospect:—they know not of the "life and immortality brought to light by the gospel."

IV.

EARLY VISITERS TO MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR is said to have been discovered by Lawrence Almeida, a Portuguese, in 1506. In 1642, the French tried to form a settle-

ment there, having first taken possession of Bourbon, and the Isle of St. Mary. They have again and again tried to get possession of Madagascar, but have never succeeded:—sometimes the Malagasy fever, sometimes quarrels with the natives, and sometimes disputes among themselves, have obliged them to give up the attempt. They have often taken missionaries with them, but their own conduct has made the natives think very ill of their religion. The English also at different times have talked of settling a colony on the shores of Madagascar:—this was proposed as early as the time of Charles II.

The seas around Madagascar were for many years infested by pirates, who attacked all the ships which came in their way, seized the cargo, and sometimes killed the crew. In the year 1721, the European nations united to put a stop to these robberies, and sent out squadrons of ships to burn the ships of the pirates; the robbers themselves escaped to shore, and being obliged to find out some other way of living, they set the peaceable tribes of Madagascar quarrelling with one another, and persuaded those who conquered to sell their prisoners to European slave-

dealers. This was the beginning of the slave-trade in Madagascar. The Malagasy for a long time thought that the Europeans were cannibals, and that they wanted men to kill and eat. There is a hill on the way to the principal seaport, called "The Hill of Weeping," because there the poor slaves first caught sight of the sea which was to separate them for ever from their country and friends.

In 1702, an English ship returning from the East Indies, was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar. The only one of the crew who was ever again heard of, was a boy named Robert Drury, who was kept as a slave. This boy had run away from his parents to go to sea in this ship. O how often during his long and dreary captivity, did he wish that he had never left them! After trying many times in vain, he at length succeeded in making his escape, and went on his lonely way for several days, till he was stopped by a wide and deep river. Just as he was going to swim across the river, he spied an alligator coming. He tried another place, and another, but there were alligators every where. At last he cut a long stick into splinters for a fire-brand, and having waited till it was dark, he

lighted his firebrand to frighten the alligators, and swam across the river on his back, holding his lances and hatchet in one hand, and his firebrand in the other.

When Drury reached St. Augustine's bay, no ships were there, so he engaged in the service of a chief. Hearing, after a time, that an English ship had come, he wrote on a leaf this sentence:—"Robert Drury, son of Mr. Drury, living at the King's Head, in the Old Jewry, now a slave in the country of Youngoule, in the Island of Madagascar." He begged a man who was going to the sea-side to give it to the first white man he saw. When the man came back, Drury asked what was the answer. "None at all," he replied, "for I suppose the white man did not like it, since he threw the leaf away, though I am sure it was as good, if not better than that which you gave me; it is true *I dropped yours*, but then I pulled one of the best I could find off a tree." "My heart," says Drury, "was ready to break at this disappointment; whereupon I turned from him and went directly into the woods to give vent to my tears."

Some years rolled by, when Drury again heard that two slave-ships were at Young-

oule; you shall hear what happened next, in his own words.

“I was sitting with my master one evening. Two men came in with a basket of palmetta leaves sewed up, and delivered it to the chief, who opened it, and finding a letter, asked the men what they meant by giving him that. ‘The captain,’ they said, ‘gave it us for your white man, but we thought proper to let you see it first.’ ‘Pray,’ said the chief, give it to him. Here, Robin, your countrymen have sent you a present; what it is I do not know, but to me it appears of little value.’ I took the basket, and with the letter there were pens, ink, and paper, in order to my returning an answer. The superscription was this:— ‘To Robert Drury, in the Island of Madagascar.’”

The letter was from the captain of one of the ships, to say that he had orders from Robert’s father to purchase his liberty, cost what it might. The chief was astonished that the piece of paper should have brought such news; he turned it about, and could not at all understand it; he thought there must be witchcraft in it. Drury was exchanged by the chief for a gun, and returned joyfully to

his parents, after having been away from them sixteen years. We should have thought that his own sufferings would have taught him to pity poor slaves, but it is sad and strange to find, that he afterwards became a slave-dealer on the coast of Madagascar.

Count Benyowsky, a Polish nobleman, went by permission of the French Government to form a settlement in Madagascar in 1773. His history is a most extraordinary one, but is too long to relate here. He had many enemies among the French who did all they could to ruin him. The natives, to whom he was generous and just, became very fond of him, and took it into their heads that he was the son of one of their chiefs. Hearing that the French Government were going to send to fetch him back, they determined not to let him go. They invited him to a great "kabary," or assembly of the people. When he arrived, he found fifty thousand people of different tribes, who ranged themselves round him, circle within circle; then they all fell prostrate at his feet, and swore allegiance to him as king of Madagascar! He consented to be their king, and was beginning to make laws by which to govern them, when the

French came, and attacked his settlement, and shot him dead. This happened in 1786.

The island of Mauritius was ceded to the English by treaty in 1814, and the treaty was confirmed in 1816. In the same year, Mr., afterwards Sir Robert Farquhar, was sent out as governor of Mauritius, and about the same time a part of the island of Madagascar was ceded to the English by the native chiefs, and it remains theirs, though not occupied, to this day.

V.

RADAMA, FIRST KING OF MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR was formerly divided into many little kingdoms. It contains twenty-two provinces, and these are again divided into others. Thus the province of Ankova was divided into those of Imerina, Imamo, and Vonizongo; and these into others still smaller, governed by different chiefs. A chief, named Andriamasinavalona conquered all the little provinces of Imerina, and became the first king of Imerina: the third in succession from him, named Iamboasalama, conquered the other provinces of Ankova, and became king

of that province, choosing for himself the name of Andrianampoin-imerina, which means "the expectation of Imerina." His son and successor, Radama, pushed his conquests still further, and assumed the title of "king of Madagascar."

Radama was ambitious and enterprising, and very fond of praise. He had many good qualities, and seemed a hundred years before his people in wisdom and intelligence. When quite a little boy, he observed that his father and mother had quarrelled, and that his mother had been sent away. One day when his father was out, he managed to get a chicken, and he tied it to the leg of a chair. When the king came back, and asked who had done this, he was told that it was Radama. He called his little boy, and asked him why he had so treated the little animal? Radama replied that it was "a little chicken crying for its mother." The father listened to the cry of the little chicken Radama, and sent for his mother back.

Radama began to reign in 1808. When the British governor was sent to Mauritius in 1816, one of his chief objects was to put a stop to the slave-trade in Madagascar. Having

heard that Radama was clever and powerful, he sent a Captain Le Sage to try to obtain the king's help in this matter.

Now Radama was very jealous of foreigners, especially of the French, and he thought it the safer plan to have no road to his capital, lest they should feel inclined to make rather more use of it than would be agreeable: he wished to keep them on the coast where the fever prevailed. Once when he was told that the French were just going to invade Madagascar, he answered, "Very well, let them try; I have an officer in my service, General Tazo (the name of the Madagascar fever.) I'll leave them in his hands for a while, and have no doubt of the result."

There being no road, Captain Le Sage found it a dreadful journey; he had more than two hundred miles to go to Tananarivo, the name of Radama's capital. He had to cross mountains and forests, rivers and marshes; the violent rains often made the ground almost too slippery for him to stand, and some of the hills were so steep that it was necessary to slide down. It was the most unhealthy season of the year, and many of his company fell sick of fever, and some died on the road.

However, he persevered, and sent on a letter to Radama to say that he was coming. As Captain Le Sage and his party drew near the capital, from time to time parties sent by Radama met them, bringing presents of food, and saying how glad he should be to see him, and how sorry he was that his palace having just been burnt down, he should not be able to receive them with so much state as he could wish. This message he sent again and again. When near the capital, eighty people of the first families in Radama's court, in parties of twenty, finely dressed, and bearing on their heads rice, fruit, and other presents, came running to meet the travellers. When six miles from the capital, a letter came from the king, to say how pleased he was that the Captain would sleep so near him that night. The next day, ten or twelve men came with a kind of chair to carry Le Sage into the capital. There was firing from the town and the mountains round; and an immense number of soldiers came dancing to meet the visitors. We should think it very odd to see soldiers dance, but it is the custom in Madagascar. A multitude of people, perhaps about seventy thousand, kept humming a dull kind

of hum as the strangers moved on towards the palace. This humming was another way of bidding them welcome.

Then Le Sage and his people were introduced to the king. Radama shook hands with them, and said that Madagascar belonged to Captain Le Sage, and Mauritius only to himself. He afterwards asked his people whether they were willing that this should be the case, and they said, "Yes." This exchange of countries was a piece of politeness.

It was not long before the Captain himself fell sick of the fever, and the king watched by his bed-side with the most anxious attention: he was so concerned at the illness of his visiter, as to show little pleasure in the presents that were brought to him. Captain Le Sage recovered, and when he left, the hospitable king went with him three or four miles on foot, and sent with him two little princes, his brothers, to be educated in Mauritius. They were placed under the care of Mr. James Hastie.

In 1817, Mr. Hastie took the two little princes back. At the port of Tamatave they were met by Radama himself, with thirty

thousand men. The king and Mr. Hastie went different ways to the capital, and Radama reached home first. When Mr. Hastie arrived at the palace at Tananarivo, the king called him, and laughing loudly, shook him heartily by the hand. Mr. Hastie began to talk about the bad road, or rather about there being no road at all; and said what a good thing it would be for the people, if Radama would make good roads for them. Radama agreed to it all, and repeated it to his people: indeed, Mr. Hastie had not time to say much, for the king repeated every thing to those around, making his own comments by the way. Mr. Hastie soon proceeded to business about the slave-trade; but before speaking about that, perhaps you will like to hear of the presents which he took to Radama.

One of the presents which Radama liked best was a clock; but he was much put out to find that something was amiss with it, and that it struck at the half hour. While he was out Mr. Hastie managed to set it to rights, and the king's joy was unbounded: he sat by it on the ground for a whole hour, and danced when it struck. He was also very much pleased with a map of the world, and a pocket

compass; but more than all was delighted with the *horses*, of which there were none in Madagascar.

The people were so anxious to be kind to the horses, that they nearly stuffed them to death with rice; and Mr. Hastie had much trouble to get them well again. When fit to be used, the king asked leave to mount one of them; he put a little charm in his mouth, for fear any accident should happen to him. After riding round the court-yard his fears left him, and he laughed and screamed, and danced, in very unkingly fashion, declaring that he never had so much pleasure before. He soon became rather proud of his horsemanship, and enjoyed putting some of his officers on horseback, that he might laugh at their awkwardness.

Mr. Hastie was very sorry to find that his young pupils, the princes, soon forgot the good instructions they had received in Mauritius, and were fast returning to the habits of the people. One morning the elder of the little princes did not come to him, and Mr. Hastie went to see after him. He found him sleeping, in the dirtiest little room you can imagine; and when Mr. Hastie talked to him

about it, his answer was, that "Dirt was warm and the weather was cold."

Mr. Hastie did not find it very difficult to persuade the king, that it was a bad thing for his subjects to be sent out of the country as slaves; but it was hard work for the king to persuade his officers, as many of them gained money by the slave-trade. At length, however, he promised to put a stop to it, on condition that the English Government should every year send him a certain supply of arms and ammunition, and clothing for his soldiers. Mr. Hastie left, promising to return again.

About this time Sir Robert Farquhar was obliged to go to England, for his health; and as there had not been time for the British Government to confirm the treaty with Radama, General Hall, who was left in Sir Robert's place, broke the new engagements; sent back six youths, whom Radama had sent to Mauritius for education, and, for a while, the slave-traders carried on their wicked work with more vigour than ever.

VI.

CHRISTIANITY INTRODUCED.

CHRISTIANS in England had for some years been wishing to send missionaries to Madagascar, but it was not till the year 1818, that two missionaries named Jones and Bevan were sent out. When they reached Mauritius and found that the treaty about the slave-trade had been broken, and that Radama had so much reason to be angry, they settled at Tamatave, and began a school there. In a little while they and their families were taken ill of the fever; Mrs. Jones and her little daughter died; Mr. and Mrs. Bevan and their little girl died also, and Mr. Jones returned alone to the Mauritius for the recovery of his health.

In 1820, Sir Robert returned with full powers from England to treat with Radama; he sent Mr. Hastie over again, and Mr. Jones went with him.

Mr. Hastie was half afraid that Radama would not wish to see him any more, having been so ill used. On his way, however, he received this letter:—"Come along, saith Radama. I shall receive you. Do not be afraid.

I am glad that you are coming, my friend, Mr. Hastie, to see me again. Come along—fear not. I am not so ready to cut off heads as people say I am.”

Letters, and messengers, and the firing of cannon, bade Mr. Hastie welcome as before. The king came out of his old court-yard to meet him, and led him into his palace. He hugged Mr. Hastie in his arms, and laughed so much with delight that he could not keep his seat, often calling out his visiter’s name in the most friendly tone, and taking hold of him as if to be sure that he was really there.

When the subject of the treaty came up, Radama said that he had faithfully kept his part for twelve months, and had put some of his people to death for breaking the law and selling slaves; and that he could not believe that the English had broken their word till the six boys were sent back to him. He also said, that it had become a kind of proverb among his people, “False as the English.” When at length satisfied by Mr. Hastie, Radama laboured day after day, and even night after night, again to bring his chiefs to consent to the treaty. They also gave way, and the treaty was once more signed; Radama

making it a condition that besides arms and ammunition, the English should send schoolmasters and artisans to teach his people, and that some Malagasy youths should be sent to England to be taught. Radama generously gave up the twelve months' balance due to him, and said that it should go towards the expenses of teaching his people.

How glad Mr. Hastie was when the firing of cannon announced that the treaty was sealed! He wrote in his journal, "the first peal of Radama's cannon gave me more joy than thousands of gold would have done." The poor people rejoiced, because now their children were safe; and when letters from Sir Robert finally sanctioned the treaty, the king himself danced with delight. Mr. Jones, with the king's approbation, immediately began a school for little boys, and soon after Mr. Griffiths, another missionary, came to assist him.

The king's brother-in-law, Prince Rataffe, went with Mr. Hastie to Mauritius, and thence to England. The prince was present at the London Missionary Meeting in May 1821, and more missionaries and artisans were sent back with him.

The king received the teachers with much pleasure, and from first to last was exceedingly kind to them. One or two anecdotes will give you an idea of how much the people had to learn.

Radama's favourite horse had lost a shoe: and no one knew how to shoe it, or even how to make square nails. Mr. Jones made a model of a horse-shoe, and of a square nail, and then the native smiths imitated it. Then the horse was brought out, and the king, his officers, and many other persons came out also to see Mr. Jones shoe the horse. While he was driving the nails into its hoof, the king kept calling out, "Take care! take care! don't hurt the horse! don't hurt the horse!" It was soon done, and the horse was led out unhurt, and Mr. Jones was looked up to as a very clever man.

It had never been Mr. Jones's business to shoe horses, but he had watched the blacksmiths doing it, and had several times nailed on an old shoe in Wales. It is well to know how to do every thing that we can. Mr. Jones did not know how useful this accomplishment would be to him in Madagascar.

The Malagasy knew little of medicine, and

less of surgery. One day Radama fell from his horse, and the people, in great alarm, ran to fetch Mr. Jones. The king had been hurt by the fall, and to make up for the loss of blood, the people were cutting off the heads of a number of live fowls, and were busy pouring the blood from the bodies of the fowls into the king's mouth. They were quite shocked when Mr. Jones recommended them not to add any more blood from the fowls, but to take some from the king instead:—they were proposing to consult the *sikidy*, when the king, who could trust the missionaries, in a faint voice said, “Bleed me—let the *sikidy* not be consulted; bleed me immediately.” He was bled, and recovered; and then the people went to Mr. Jones, and begged that he would bleed them also, that they might be *prepared* for any accident!

As soon as the other missionaries and artisans arrived, Tananarivo became a very busy place compared with what it had been. Some of the people were taught to work in iron; some to tan and curry leather; some to spin and weave; while some were employed in building a school-house, and a palace for the king; some in cleaning up the town, some in

making gardens, and some in making roads. The missionaries' wives taught the women to sew, and to manage their houses. The principal missionaries were engaged in preaching, in translating the Scriptures and little books, and in teaching children in schools. The people were at first rather afraid of sending their children to school. They thought that the missionaries wanted to get their children, and then to send them out of the country for European *eating*; some of them hid their children in the rice-pits, and the poor little things were suffocated for want of air. Radama sent all the little chiefs and princesses to school as an example. He used to attend the examinations, and was particularly pleased to hear the children sing. The first piece of needle-work that was done, by the little girls, was presented by Mrs. Griffiths to the king.

The little Malagasy boys and girls were found to be quite as quick in learning as English children, and much more attentive; they never yawned or looked about as if quite tired of their lessons, and very early in the morning the missionaries were often disturbed by the children gathering around their doors, and repeating the multiplication table, or other

lessons for the day. One day the missionary, Mr. Jeffreys, was catechizing the children, and he asked them which of the ten commandments was most difficult to keep. A boy about twelve years old, said, "The last is the hardest." "Why so, my boy?" said Mr. Jeffreys. "Because," replied the boy, "for one who is poor to see another with a great deal of money, a great deal of clothes, and much cattle and rice, without wishing for some of them, is very hard indeed: I think no person can keep this commandment."

The following anecdote was related by the late Mr. Jones, when on a visit to England. It appeared that King Radama was very kind to the missionaries. On one occasion, when the teachers were in the school teaching the children, a little boy told his neighbour that his father's god was nothing but a block of wood! The teacher, hearing of this, was astonished, as the boy was a priest's son, and so by that means his father's craft might be in danger. Still the boy, fearless of consequences, cried out, "I say, my father's god is just a block of wood!" By and bye the natives came to hear of this insult to their god Ramaasin, and a fearful hail storm coming

on at the time, the people thought the damage that was done by it was a judgment from their god for the insult that had been done him by that little boy; and they set off, with one consent, to the school, there to call upon the boy for the truth of what he had said.

The boy was then called for, and his teacher brought him before them. Now was the time for the trial of his principles; and, oh! his conduct may put many older Christians to the blush. For, rising up before all the school, and his infuriated countrymen ready, if they but dared, to tear him in pieces, he nobly said, "My teacher has taught me that I must not tell a lie, and I again say that my father's god is nothing else than a block of wood." The people, more enraged than ever, but afraid of going too far without the sanction of the king, set off in a body to the capital, to complain to the king against this young David; but they were much disappointed to hear him exclaim, "What business have you to meddle with the teachers and their school? Go back to your homes, your spades and your hoes, and leave the teachers to themselves to mind their own business." Such was the noble answer of the King of Mada-

gascar! The children, hearing that the king would not protect the idols that took the place of God, resolved to show their deluded countrymen that they could not protect themselves, and so ran off to the field where the god Ramaasin was set up to be worshipped, and began to pelt him with stones, till he, like Baal of old, fell down a poor helpless block of wood!—the little boys exclaiming, “Now, Ramaasin, if you be a god you can help yourself!”

My dear reader, let us learn from this a noble lesson to do our duty, and leave the consequences to Providence. This little Madagascar boy may yet rise up as a witness against those who would sell the truth for a piece of bread. Think then, if ever tempted to tell a lie to save yourself from suffering or from trouble, oh, think you see the all-seeing eye of Him who never *slumbers* nor *sleeps* gazing on you, and think of the little Madagascar boy standing up for the truth before his savage countrymen, saying, “My teacher has taught me that I must not tell a lie.”

The children became very fond of their teachers. The first time that Mr. Jeffreys went from home, three of the younger boys

went to Mrs. Jeffreys, and said to her, "We will sleep in your house till Mr. Jeffreys comes back; no rogue shall come to you, and we will do all we can to keep you from feeling sorrowful." They did as they said they would, and came every evening and slept on the mat in the sitting-room.

Supposing that the children of Madagascar would like holidays as well as English children do, the missionaries dismissed them for a few days. This made a great commotion. A *kabary* of the judges and people was held, and they began to abuse the missionaries, calling them "owls," "pigs," "cats," and "dogs," for sending away their children. The king wrote to the missionaries, asking whether the children had behaved ill, and saying that if so, he would punish them, though they were in his own family. The missionaries explained: the king said, "It is all well and good," and the matter ended.

By the advice of Mr. Hastie and the missionaries, the king made many good laws for his people: he forbade thieving and idleness: any person found idle for two days or more was to be made to work the same number of days on the public roads: he encouraged the

people to cultivate their land, giving them seeds and tools: he improved his army, and gained many victories; but as I think it will not answer any good end to tell you how many people were cut to pieces, or give you any pleasure to hear how the weeping widows and children used to go and search for the dead bodies of their husbands and fathers on the field of battle, I shall leave that part of the story.

Radama would no longer allow the children who were born on "unlucky days" to be put to death: he discouraged the trial by ordeal, and whenever he could silyly make the idols and the *sikidy* appear ridiculous without openly opposing them, he did so. Though more and more convinced of the folly of idolatry, he did not live to become a Christian. Would that he had! Then, perhaps, as far as we can see, his life might have been spared to Madagascar, and Madagascar might have been spared her present sufferings. He fell into habits of intemperance, and died July 27th, 1828, at the age of thirty-six.

VII.

THE USURPATION OF RANAVALONA.

ON the death of Radama, Rakotobe, the son of Rataffe and Radama's eldest sister, was to have succeeded to the throne. Radama, however, had left twelve wives, one of whom was named Ranavalona. As soon as Radama was dead, Ranavalona sent for two officers of great power in the army, and promised to reward them well, and to pardon whatever crime they might commit, if they would help her to be queen: this they promised to do. Radama's death was kept a secret, and on the 29th of July, two days after his death, a great assembly of the people was summoned to swear allegiance to whomsoever Radama should appoint as his successor. On the 1st of August, the king's death was made known, and to the great surprise of all the people, Ranavalona was proclaimed queen.

Ranavalona knew well that she had no right to the throne, and that many would dispute her title; so she began her reign by putting all who were likely to do so out of the way.

The young prince Rakotobe was the first scholar in the mission school in 1820, and he had for some time given the missionaries reason to hope that he had become a true believer in Jesus. Ranavalona sent men to seize him, and to put him to death: his grave was dug before his eyes; he asked for time to pray, and was then speared by the soldiers, and buried on the spot.

Rataffe, the father of Rakotobe, was next taken, and also speared to death. This was the mild and amiable prince who had visited England in the year 1821.

The mother of Rakotobe was then starved to death by order of the queen. This was the eldest sister of Radama.

The next who was put to death was the mother of Rakotobe's mother. She was sent to a part of the country where fever prevailed: a little food was given her just to make her sufferings last longer, and every now and then the soldiers and guards terrified her by pretending that the executioners were coming, and asking her whether she would like to be killed in the house or out of it. Thus by cruel alarms, fever, neglect, and want of food, she

was destroyed. Her brother, Andrianilana was put to death at the same time.

Ratafikia, the brother of Radama, was killed by starvation. He lived eight days. For four or five days his cries were most distressing. Some hours after he had ceased to groan, the captain of the guard opened a window to see if he was dead. Poor Ratifikia could no longer speak, but he moved his hand earnestly toward his lips to beg for food: his guard was touched with pity, but durst not give him any, and he died.

Radama had two cousins, and the queen sent to seize them. The younger one, Ramananolona, was stabbed to death, but the elder one, Ramanetaka, was too clever for the queen. She sent a few soldiers to tell him that she wanted him at the capital. She had prepared two hundred soldiers to murder him on the way. He told the officers, who came to summon him, that he was ready to go, only he wished to go part of the way by water, as he could then get to the capital much sooner than if he went the whole way by land. All the night he was packing up, and the next morning, he, with his family and property, embarked on board a small Arab

sloop. The officers were delighted to think that they had got hold of him and of all his money so easily. He persuaded them to be placed in a little canoe, and towed along by the ship, that they might not be so *sea-sick* as in the large sloop. When fairly out, the rope which held the canoe was cut. The Arabs made sail. Ramanetaka cried, "Life is sweet. I am off." The vessel was soon out of sight, and the disappointed officers with difficulty made their way to the land and to the capital. How foolish they must have looked when they told their story to the queen! Ramanetaka continued to live in safety at Mohilla, one of the Comoro islands, waiting an opportunity to claim the crown of Madagascar, but died in 1841.

There was a young officer of the name of Andriamihaja, who had been the principal person in helping Ranavalona to the throne, and whom she liked very much. Some of the other officers were jealous of him, and they persuaded the queen that Andriamihaja himself wished to be king, and that she would not be safe as long as he lived. They made Ranavalona drunk, and in that state persuaded her to pronounce his sentence of death.

Andriamihaja had been a great friend to education, and wished all the people to be taught. He would have attended the Christian service if he had not been afraid of displeasing the queen. He often read the New Testament, and was reading it alone when the messengers came from the queen. A pious officer happened to come in, of whom he asked many questions, as indeed he had often done before, about the way of salvation. While they were thus talking, four soldiers came in and plunged a knife into his throat. The queen had promised that whatever crime he committed, he should never be put to death. After he was executed, her conscience so troubled her that she could not rest. To make her easy, the body was dug up and laid in a shallow grave: the head was cut off and placed at the feet, and the head of a black dog put in its place. Still the queen could not rest, and in the night she was troubled with fearful dreams. The bones were again taken up and burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds. One of the young man's wives, his sister, and one of his servants were strangled, and the queen is said to have been satisfied.

Do you not feel very sorry that this young man did not live a little longer to understand more about the gospel of Jesus?

The two cruel brothers who had persuaded the queen to have Andriamihaja murdered, took his place at the head of the queen's government, and the poor people of Madagascar think that all that they have since suffered is to be placed to the account of these men. The younger of them died last year.

But for the gospel, England might now have been in the same state as Madagascar. As Mr. Freeman observes in his book, we have only to read English history to find many stories just as cruel and dreadful as these. How thankful we should be, not only for being born in this happy country, but also in this happy age!

We must return to our sad story, however, for it is not nearly at an end. Ranavalona having secured the kingdom to herself by so many single murders, has endeavoured to extend its boundaries by wholesale massacres. The finest children of her country are taken to serve in the army, which amounts to between twenty and thirty thousand men. They have no regular pay, but get a small share of

the plunder they take in war. About every six months large parties of these soldiers go out into the neighbouring provinces, surprise the peaceful and unoffending villagers, kill the men, and take the women and children as slaves. The queen hopes by this means to get the whole of Madagascar under her power.

In the year 1831, two parties of soldiers were sent out, one to the south, and the other to the west. Rainiharo, the officer who headed the troops that went to the south, invited all the villagers of one place to a friendly feast, and as soon as they were seated he gave a signal to his soldiers to seize their guests, to tie their hands, lead them out, and then spear them to death. The women and children were taken as plunder.

The soldiers who went to the west, seized all the chief men of another district, threw them into a deep ditch, and after letting them lie without food for two days, took them out, and crucified them at short distances all round the village. Many of their wives, sisters, and daughters, refused to go into slavery. "This," said they, "is the land of our husbands, our fathers, and our brothers, whom you have

murdered in our sight, and shall we now accompany you far away to Imerina, to live and die there?" The spears of the soldiers soon silenced them in death.

The next year, Rainiharo and Ramboasalama went with a body of troops to another district. They promised the poor people of the place that if they would but give up their arms, no harm should be done to them. They kept on repeating this promise for three days. Some of the people would not believe them, and they made their escape to the forests in the night-time. About twenty thousand remained, and consented to give up their arms. They had no sooner done this, than the soldiers began to tie the hands of all the men with cords, and then to put them to death. The soldiers were busy from early in the morning till late in the evening about this horrid work. Seven thousand were killed, and thirteen thousand women and children taken captive. Many that were young and sickly could not keep up with the army, and were driven on at the point of the spear. You would have seen many a widowed broken-hearted mother trying to carry two, or even three children, till fatigue, or famine, or the

spear, put an end to her sufferings and theirs. Those mothers and children who lived to reach their journey's end, were often sold to different masters, and saw one another no more. Two little boys, between eight and nine years of age, slipped away from the army, and hid themselves among the bulrushes on the bank of the river for several hours, with their heads just above water :—they were found, severely beaten, and sold into hopeless slavery. These cruelties are still continued, and it is supposed that more than one hundred thousand of the people of Madagascar have been killed since Ranavalona began to reign.

Since Radama's death, the little children have been killed as they used to be in former days. The trial by ordeal has been more in use than ever, and the number of robbers has frightfully increased. So many people being taken to serve in the army, or put to death, there are not enough to cultivate the land, and the price of rice is three or four times as great as it was in the time of Radama. The people are often in great distress for food ; many can only get one meal of rice in a day, and some cannot get that, and are obliged to live upon manioc or other roots.

Who would not pity and pray for suffering Madagascar?

VIII.

CHRISTIANITY SUPPRESSED.

FOR some time after Radama's death, the queen showed kindness to the Missionaries, and allowed the native Christians to be baptized. The French had again been sending ships and soldiers to try to get possession of Madagascar, and perhaps her fear of the French made the queen wish to keep friends with the English. It was not till the year 1835 that the persecution of the Christians began.

For fifteen years the Missionaries had laboured with little interruption. In their schools they had about five thousand scholars. The Bible and many tracts had been translated. Bible classes were formed, and about two hundred natives had professed their faith in Jesus, had been baptized, and were accustomed to partake together of the Lord's Supper. The native Christians carried the Gospel into all the villages around, and it seemed to be taking great hold on the minds of the

people. Very many also had for years been learning those useful arts which the Missionaries and artisans taught, and so great a change was to be seen in the manners and habits of the people, that the government became alarmed, and “doubted whereunto this would grow.”

Rainiharo, one of the queen’s favourites, was keeper of one of the chief idols, and he and many other idol-keepers found that their craft was in danger, and did all they could to set the queen against the Christians. The queen herself was much attached to idol worship. Being very ignorant and hardly able to read and write, she felt no pleasure in seeing the children taught. She was jealous of foreigners, and did not like English worship to prevail, or for her subjects to do any thing which she had not herself commanded. But the greatest cause of alarm and displeasure seems to have been that which was urged against the apostles, that the Christians were “changing the customs” of the country.

A young Christian, named Andriantsoa, having been heard to speak disrespectfully of one of the idols, was put to the ordeal, and found innocent. A few days after, he came

up to town in a public procession, and many of the Christians, dressed in their white *lambas*, joined the procession to show their joy at his deliverance. The queen and some of her officers happened to see the procession. She asked, "What crowd is that wearing white *lambas*?" "The procession of Andriantsoa," said they, "and those who are wearing white dresses are native Christians. You would be surprised at the love of those people one for another. When any one of them happens to be in distress they all feel distress, and when any one is happy they are all happy; when any are poor they form a society to relieve them." "I am indeed surprised," said the queen, "to see such things in my country. Was it not I that ordered him to take the ordeal? and why do they now make such an exhibition, as if they had overcome an enemy? All this is meant for *me*, I suppose!"

The officer who had accused Andriantsoa also saw the procession. He was very much mortified, and, like Haman, who wished to destroy all the Jews for the sake of killing Mordecai, he resolved to accuse the whole body of the Christians. He went to the judges, and managed to make his tears come, and to

cry a great deal, saying that he was in great trouble, because he was sure that the Christians wanted to take the kingdom from the queen, and to give it to the English.

When the queen heard this tale about the Christians, she was very angry, and she summoned a great *kabary* of *all* the people. Only one person was to stay at home in each house throughout all Imerina. Violent as was the queen's passion, there was one of her chief officers who, though he was not a Christian, was courageous enough to speak in their defence. He told the queen that he had for years had many of the Christians under him, and knew them well, and that there were none so upright, so diligent, so obedient, so trustworthy, or so intelligent as they. He finished thus, "Should you put to death any of those intelligent young people, I fear, madam, you will be the loser, and be sorry for it. When once they are killed you cannot purchase back their lives with money. These are my thoughts, madam, and I cannot but tell them, whatever may be the consequence." Another officer agreed to this, and spoke of the many useful things which the Europeans had taught them.

The queen took this advice in good part, and for that time seemed disposed to attend to it.

Two days after, a letter was sent to the Missionaries forbidding them to teach Christianity. The letter was brought to the chapel by a great enemy of the Christians, and read before all the people. In this letter the queen declared that she would not allow the customs of the country to be changed, that the sabbath was not to be kept, nor baptism, nor any religious worship allowed. The Christians were all so frightened, that for some time they did not venture to meet again, or even to visit one another. There were spies all around them, and every thing they did was closely watched.

On the first of March the great kabary was held. The soldiers were all placed in long lines to keep order, and they kept on firing muskets and cannon to frighten the people.

Then the queen's proclamation was read, forbidding Christian worship, and desiring the people who had attended it, to come and accuse themselves. She said that she would then tell them what their punishment should be, but that if they did not come and accuse themselves, they were to expect no mercy.

This is a specimen of the lofty style in which the queen sends her messages to the people: "I announce to you, O ye Ambaniandro, (sons of light,) I am not a sovereign that deceives, nor are the servants deceived. I, therefore, announce to you what I purpose to do, and how I shall govern you. To whom has the kingdom been left by inheritance, by Andrianimpoina and Radama, but to me? If any then would change the customs of our ancestors, I abhor that, saith Rabodonandrianimpoina.

"As to baptism, societies, places of worship, and the observance of the sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanjaka.*

"As for the sabbath, you are not to use or observe it, for I, the sovereign, do not observe it at all; and it shall not be done in my country, saith Ranavalomanjaka."

And this is a specimen of the humble and flattering style in which the people answer: "May you, madam, attain to old age, not suffering affliction; may you equal, in length

* Manjaka, means Sovereign.

of days, the human race! and first of all it is ours to express to you our thankfulness, for that which you say and do is pleasing, acceptable, and sweet to us; you are a sovereign not condemning too hastily, but first taking time to examine matters well. We crave forgiveness for the offences we have committed; and whatever you determine to do with us, may that cause you to attain to old age. Take courage, Ranavalomanjaka, for as long as life is here, we shall not relax in your service, for to whom did Andrianimpoina and Radama leave the kingdom, but to you alone? And if we do these things again, kill us, madam, for we must be hogs and not men, for men dare not venture to challenge the sun."

The usual conclusion is, "to whom did Andrianimpoina and Radama leave the kingdom, but to you alone?" Perhaps this is just, because Ranavalona knows that they did no such thing.

A week after the *kabary* was the time fixed for the people to bring in their self-accusations. Now came the testing time of who were Christians and who were not. Some came with excuses, such as these, "I went

from curiosity, and seeing the evil of it, I ceased to go." "I observed the sabbath, but was never baptized." "I never believed, but went because others went." Some said, "Since God will not protect us, we may as well do as we please;" and became more wicked than ever. But some there were who feared God, and feared a lie, far more than they feared the queen and her punishments, and boldly told the judges that they had prayed, and had attended worship at every possible opportunity. One of these Christians being asked how many times he had prayed, said he could not tell. "But I can tell you," said he, "that for the last three or four years, I have not spent a single day without offering prayer several times a day." The judges asked for a specimen of his prayer, which he cheerfully gave, in the presence of multitudes. He first told them how he confessed his sins before God and implored forgiveness, and asked God's help to enable him to live without sinning; to wash him from his sins, to make him holy, and to prepare him for eternal happiness. He said that he asked these blessings for his family and friends, for the queen and her subjects. The judges con-

fessed that his prayers were good, but as the queen did not approve of them, they ought not to be offered in her country. Some of the Christians who were there, said that they did not think the judges had ever heard so much of the Gospel before, for this good man spoke to them a good deal of the Saviour, and how he died for the guilty. This excellent man afterwards risked his life by concealing some of the Christians.

The punishment of the common people was, to pay a fine of a dollar and a bullock; and that of the officers to be lowered in rank. All who had voluntarily learned to read, or been to chapel, or had prayer-meetings, were punished: these were between two and three thousand persons.

One officer of high rank, was so struck with what he now saw and heard, that he became a Christian; and he and his wife afterwards sheltered some of the persecuted in their house.

Soon after this, the people were ordered to deliver up all their Bibles, and other books. Those who did not care about them, immediately obeyed the order; but some would almost as soon have parted with their lives as

with their Bibles. They hid them in their houses, or buried them in the earth.

THE BURIED BIBLES,

BY JAMES EDMESTON, ESQ.

When those who loved God's holy name
 Their treasures kept of greatest worth,
 Hiding them, (misers do the same,)
 Safe in the bosom of the earth;

Was it their glittering gold or gem?
 Their shining silver? beauteous dress?
 Ah no! they do not value them
 The greatest treasure they possess.

One pearl of value they concealed,
 A precious pearl of price unknown;
 That holy book, where God revealed
 And made his love and mercy known.

This, as their dearest gem, they took,
 Dearest of all beneath the skies:—
 What shame that we that sacred book,
 Compared with them, so little prize!

IX.

THE QUEEN SENDS AMBASSADORS TO ENGLAND.

THE missionaries being forbidden either to preach or teach, and the natives to listen to them, on pain of death, they found it was of little use to remain any longer in Madagascar.

Four of them left in June 1835. Mr. Johns and Mr. Baker waited another year, to see what would take place, and they spent part of this time in finishing a translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress," a book which the Malagasy Christians love next to the Bible. In July 1836, these two missionaries also left, by order of the queen.

Just about this time the queen sent six of her officers as ambassadors to England. As they could not speak English perfectly, they were very glad to have the help of the returned missionaries in England as interpreters. They were taken to see many of the buildings and schools, and public works of London. They went to Windsor, and were kindly received by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide. Mr. Freeman was with them, as interpreter, and presented to his Majesty a copy of the Scriptures, in the Malagasy language, beautifully bound, with which the king expressed himself as much pleased. Queen Adelaide met them a second time, in another part of the castle, and sent a message to the Queen of Madagascar, telling her "that she could do nothing so good for her country, as to receive the Christian religion."

QUEEN ADELAIDE RECEIVING THE MALAGASY EMBASSY.—Pa. 6 .



X.

THE HISTORY OF RAFARAVAVY.

How lonely must the Christians in Madagascar have felt when their last missionaries had left them! Yet One was still with them, who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." They also, by degrees, began to know each other, and to hold secret meetings in each other's houses. Sometimes they met on the solitary mountains, where they could see strangers coming at a distance, and could venture to join in a hymn of praise.

In July 1836, a devoted Christian woman, named Rafaravavy, was accused to the government. As her history is very interesting, I shall tell you a good deal about her.

Rafaravavy was at one time a zealous idolater. Sometimes, when her family wanted food, she would give the little money that was left for the service of an idol instead. A few years ago she and her husband set off to an idol-maker, who lived fifteen miles from the capital, to purchase an idol. The idol-maker had none made, but told them to come the next day. They went the next day, and

then he told them that he would have one ready by the evening. He chose a large bough from a tree in the forest, and made a god. In the evening, he invited them to take their meal of rice with him, and they saw him put some of the little branches, which he had cut off the large branch, into the fire to boil the rice. They paid two dollars for the god, and returned home. Soon afterwards, a young Christian called on Rafaravavy, and he read to her the 44th of Isaiah, where it is said of the idolater, "He burneth part (of the tree) in the fire; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; and the residue thereof he maketh a god," &c. Rafaravavy was so struck with this, that from that time she began to believe in the Bible, and in the end became a true Christian.

Then she was just as zealous in the service of God, as she had been in that of idols. When the persecution began, and public worship was forbidden, she took one of the largest houses in the capital, that the Christians might meet there. Three of her servants went and accused her to one of the judges, and said, "If you go and listen at the window of an evening, you may hear her and her friends

reading the book which the queen has forbidden." A man was sent to listen. Rafaravavy had been reading just before he came, but had left off, and had moved from the window. The man heard nothing, and went away. He told a friend of Rafaravavy's, and that friend went and told her. Rafaravavy spent much of the night in prayer that she might have strength to confess Christ before men, and if such were his will, to lay down her life for his sake. The next morning her father came to try to persuade her to give up prayer. He said, "What is this that I hear, child? It is said that you still continue to pray; is it true?" She replied, "Yes, I do pray." The old man was grieved. "Astonishing!" said he, "you do pray, and are not ashamed to own it. I know not what to think of you." "But, dear father," said she, "I have done it, and how can I deny the truth?" "Who are your companions?" asked her father. "Ask the accusers," replied Rafaravavy; "I cannot tell you who are my companions." A man came and called the father out, and said, "You had better go to the judge, and do what you can for her at once; there is no use trying to get her to

accuse her companions. These praying people are so stubborn, that if you were to kill them and cut them in pieces, they would not impeach their companions."

As Rafaravavy would neither give up prayer herself, nor accuse her companions, the accusation was sent to the queen. On hearing it, the queen became extremely angry, and said, "Is it possible that there is any one so daring as to defy me, and that too, a woman? This is annoying to me. Go and put her to death at once; it cannot be borne." Rafaravavy's father and brother had held a high rank in the army, and had done good service to the queen. Her friends begged hard for her on this account, and for that time her life was spared; only she had to pay a heavy fine.

Rafaravavy's father was very angry with the servants who had accused her, and he put them in irons. Rafaravavy, instead of feeling angry with them, pitied them, and entreated her father to release them. As soon as she was let go, she went and talked to them, and prayed with them, and wept over them, till at last they wept for themselves, and said, "We thought there was something in this religion

when we saw you, instead of reproaching, pitying us; and now we begin to feel in our own hearts what this religion is." Two, if not all three, became Christians, and one of them has since endured persecution for the sake of Jesus.

Rafaravavy sold her house in town, and took another in a more quiet place. The little band of Christians continued to meet sometimes at her house, sometimes at that of another friend, and sometimes on a mountain. Now and then, they used to go a distance of twenty miles to meet in peace.

XI.

LETTERS TO THE MISSIONARIES.

IN 1837, Mr. Johns visited Tamatave, and sent word to the Christians that he was there. Joseph and a few others went to meet him, and took letters from the Christians. This is part of one of the letters:—

“ Antananarivo, 24th Asombola (June.)

“ Health and happiness to you, beloved friends, say the few disciples of Jesus Christ here in Madagascar; let us unite in praising

God, for he has not forsaken us, but guarded and kept us by day and night till the present time, that we might not be overcome by evil, nor conquered by the temptations of Satan; but he has enabled us to tread the narrow path till now.

“We do not perceive any change in the mind of the queen with regard to Christianity. She remains the same. But we have less interruption since the Europeans, our friends, left us, as it is perhaps thought that we shall certainly forget the word of God, now that we have no teachers here. The queen, however, does not know that the best Teacher of all is still here with us, the Holy Spirit.

“When we consider our guilt and our pollution, and the evil that dwells in our hearts, then we soon faint; but when we remember the mercy of God, and the redemption there is in Jesus, and when we call to mind the promises, then our hearts take confidence, and we believe that Jesus can cleanse us, and can bring us to heaven, though the way be difficult; and when we meet there, we will tell you all that has befallen us by the way while here on earth.

“By the strength of God we shall still go

forward, and not fear what may befall us; and if accused by the people we will go straight forward, for we know that if we deny him before men, Jesus will deny us before his Father; but if we confess him, he will also confess us when he shall come in clouds to judge the world, and present them that are his, blameless, before his Father for ever.

“We had some suspicions when the missionaries left us, lest God also should forsake us like our friends; but we have seen that the word of promise is true, ‘I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.’ He has indeed remained with us, and exceedingly great has been the joy of our hearts in prayer, and in conversing together on the things that relate to the life to come.”

Then they beg for some Bibles in small print, to be easily carried about, and also some with references. They say how delighted they are with the Pilgrim’s Progress, and how much they wish to have it in print. The letter concludes thus:—

“All the Christians here are teaching others to read. There are ten learning with one friend, and six with another, and four

with another, and so the number is quietly augmenting.

“Here are our beloved friends, the messengers of the church, conveying our letter to you! Our special salutations to the congregations in England, and this is our request, ‘Do not forget us in your supplications, but let us unite in our petitions before God.’”

Here is part of another sweet letter written to Mr. Freeman by the four messengers who took the other letters to Tamatave.

“*Tamatave, August 1st, 1837.*”

“BELOVED FRIEND,—YOU are not forgotten, but still remembered by us. Our salutations to you. We have now reached Tamatave, and have met with our beloved father, Mr. Johns, and he told us how the good people every where are praying on our behalf, and supplicating God to aid us and to bless us with all his favours.

“Yes, dearly beloved friend, cease not to ask God that he would cause us to tread the narrow path, and pass through a land where there are many adversaries. We know perfectly well that through the narrow gate is

the way to the heavenly gate, and we fear not to say, however steep should be the ascent, yet we will go up, or however difficult the path, it shall not weary us, for we perceive that the painful shall not last long, but we shall obtain the good. We know that the King of the heavenly city has himself trodden that difficult path: much more then should the Christian go there, who has yielded himself to the King of kings.

“How much does the compassion of the Saviour console us now! The word is indeed true that says, ‘I will send unto you the Comforter. It is expedient for you that I go away.’ Precious to us now is Jesus. He is our Rock and our Shield, our Hope and our Life.

“Whither should we go in our distress, but unto Jesus, for he has the words of eternal life?

“Farewell till we meet, whether in this life or the life to come. Still we shall not forget to pray to God that you may yet return again to us here; and if we do not meet in this life, yet through the mercy of God we hope we shall meet there, and then we will tell the difficulties of the path, and the tribulation we had whilst still on earth.”

In another letter some other Christians write word to Mr. Johns of the death of one of their number. They say, "Our beloved friend Ramamonjhasina died on his way home from the expedition to the north. We must not now grieve for him; he is now with the Saviour whom he loved. One of our friends was with him in his tent when he died, and asked him whether he had any fear of death. He replied, 'Why should I fear to die, while Jesus is my friend? I am persuaded he will not leave me now, and I am full of joy in the thought of leaving this sinful world to be for ever with my Saviour.'"

The Malagasy, while heathens, have the greatest dread of death. It surprises them much when they hear the Christians say, "I do not fear to die." Can you, dear readers, say the same?

Some of the Christians who knew this young man, said that he could never speak of Jesus without tears. Being one day asked how this was, he said, "How can I do otherwise than feel when I mention the name of that beloved Saviour who suffered and died on the cross for me?"

SONNET.

BY JAMES EDMESTON, ESQ.

He could not speak the name without a tear :
 So gratitude and love would fill his heart,
 And memory of Christ's sufferings endear,
 That at the thought the constant tear would start
 To us it seems an old and worn-out tale,
 Feeble in interest, and so often heard,
 That like a common and accustomed word,
 The power and sweetness of its accents fail.
 Oh, for some portion of that holy fire,
 To kindle in our icy hearts more love !
 Descend, celestial Spirit, from above !
 And recollections of our Lord inspire !
 So should that sacred name have power to wake
 Deep thoughts of all he suffered for our sake

XII.

RAFARAVAVY'S HOUSE PULLED DOWN.

WHILE Mr. Johns was meeting the Christians at Tamatave, ten of those in the capital were accused. Among these was Rafaravavy, and also one of the servants who a year before had accused her. The queen's messengers came four times to Rafaravavy. She at once confessed to them that she prayed, but they could not get her to betray her friends. The

third time they came, they said they were sent by the queen to ask her the names of her companions, and they said also, "the queen knows as well as you do who they are, but she wishes to give you the opportunity of telling the whole truth." "If the queen knows as well as I do," said Rafaravavy, "why then do you ask me again?" "You are indeed," said they, "exceedingly obstinate. Razafitsara told us that you were her companion; we shall fetch her here to force you." When Razafitsara was brought, Rafaravavy said, "We have prayed together, and we do not deny it." "Where then did you pray?" said the men. "We prayed in this house," said the two women, "and in the house of Razafitsara, and in many other places; indeed wherever we went we tried to remember God, and prayed to him to forgive us, and to do us good." "Have you not prayed on Ankatso?" (the name of a mountain) said they. "Yes," said the women, "but not there only; but as we told you, wherever we went we remembered God, in the house or out of it, in town, in the country, or on the mountains." Then the messengers went to the

other Christians to try the same arts with them.

For a fortnight the Christians did not know what would be done to their ten friends who were taken up. On the fourteenth day, the people in the market had a message from the queen to go and seize every thing that belonged to Rafaravavy for themselves. She knew nothing of this order till the people came rushing to her house, and snatching up every thing that they could lay their hands on. Soon the house was full of strange people, and every thing she had was gone. Then they pulled the house down, and carried it all away.

RAFARAVAVY'S HOUSE DESTROYED.

BY JAMES EDMESTON, Esq.

How like to wolves, all eager for the prey!

Her home, her little wealth, her all they seize:

But injured meekness sees them pass away,

And feels that she has better things than these.

These perishing possessions cause their strife;

All that they love, and all they wish they make:

But she has treasures of eternal life,

Firm and unfading, which they cannot take.

What though her earthly house be overthrown,

And not a roof to shelter her be left;

The secret place of God her soul has known,

And of that home she cannot be bereft.

Lightly the maddened rage of man must fall
 On hearts that in the Saviour's peace can rest :
 With God our Father, Helper, Friend, not all
 That men can do, can agitate the breast.

XIII.

RAFARAVAVY UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

As Rafaravavy stood without a roof to shelter her, four executioners came to her and told her to follow them. She asked whither they were going to take her. They said, "The queen knows what to do with you. The way we go, you are to follow." She obeyed, and followed. They took her along the road by which criminals are taken to Ambohiposy, the place of execution. She thought they were going to kill her, but the fear of death was gone. On the way she often repeated the prayer of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

One young and beloved Christian followed her up to town, and she managed to say to him, without being heard, "Go with me and see my end, and hear my last words. If I shall find by experience the strength of Christ sufficient for my support, it may encourage

our friends who may be called to follow my steps." He replied, "I shall not leave you, dear sister. Go on and cleave to Him on whom you have built your hope." The executioners led her into the house of one of Rainiharo's officers, and very heavy irons were put on her. These irons are called, "Be rano maso," which means "many tears." As the smith was fastening them on, one of the men said, "Do not put them on too fast, it will be difficult to take them off; she is to be put to death to-morrow morning at cock-crow."

That very night a fire broke out in the capital, burnt down many houses, and caused so much confusion, that Rafaravavy was forgotten. Some think that the queen, who is very superstitious, was afraid to send another order for her execution. She was kept in irons five months, and could not move an inch day or night. Five soldiers guarded her. One day one of the soldiers left his post, and came running back to tell her that the people were boiling water to put some criminal to death that day. She asked who he thought it was for, and he told her he did not know, but that people said it must be herself. Four executioners came up just after, and the

guards then felt sure that it must be for Rafaravavy, and began to take off her irons. She commended herself to her Redeemer, and thought that in a short time her sufferings would be ended, and she should be present with the Lord. In a little while she found that it was some one else that was to be put to death that day, and that the executioners had come that way by accident.

Her father, though very fond of her, gave her up as lost, and hardly ever came near her. Her Christian friends, however, visited her as often as they dared, and did all they could to comfort her. Sometimes they took a Bible or tract with them, and sitting down would hide it with their lambas, and read to her in a low tone. Others who were not Christians visited her, and she always spoke to them of the love of the Saviour. She also talked to the soldiers who guarded her. One of them was much impressed by what she said, and hoped he should hear more. "I am delighted," said she, "to hear you say so, and shall rejoice to tell you all I know. I firmly believe there is a world after this, and if I did not, I should be the most miserable of beings. It is this which enables me to bear all these afflic-



MARTYRDOM OF RASALAMA.

tions with cheerfulness. My father, and mother, and relations, as you know, have forsaken me, but I have a Father in heaven who can make up the loss." There is reason to hope that this soldier has become a disciple of Jesus.

After five months there came from the queen an order to sell her into perpetual slavery. The wife of her new master was a relation of hers, and they treated her kindly, and gave her permission to go and come as she pleased when she had finished her work. Here she again saw her husband. He was a colonel in the army, and stationed on the coast, and, hearing of her distress, had begged leave to visit the capital for a few months. Thus freed from the fear of immediate death, and in the company of one so dear to her, we will leave her for a while, and visit the other Christians who were in confinement.

XIV.

THE MARTYRDOM OF RASALAMA.

AMONG the ten Christians who were taken up in 1837, there was one good woman of the

name of Rasalama. When the messengers of the queen went to her and said to her as they had done to Rafaravavy and the others, "the queen knows the names of your companions, but wishes to see whether you speak the truth," Rasalama believed them, and told the names of her friends. Among these were seven fresh names, and these Christians were directly taken up. When Rasalama found how she had been deceived, she was very much distressed, for she would gladly have died to save her friends, and would never have given up their names if she had thought that they were still secret. She was confined in the house of one of the most cruel men in Madagascar, who loaded her with irons. Besides this, she was cruelly flogged for several days, but she continued to talk and sing hymns. She was sentenced to die. The night before her death, instead of allowing her to rest in peace, they put on her another sort of irons, which forced all her limbs together, as if she had been packed in a small case. The next morning she was led to execution, and she sang hymns by the way. As she passed the mission chapel, she said, "There I heard the words of the Saviour." When

she reached the place of execution, she asked leave to kneel down and pray. She calmly knelt down, and while committing her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, three or four executioners plunged their spears into her side and heart. Such was her composure, that even her executioners said, "There is some charm in the religion of the white people which takes away the fear of death."

One young Christian named Rafaralahy, and only that one, ventured to the place. He saw the calmness with which she died, and returned home a martyr in spirit. "If," said he, "I might die so tranquil and happy a death, I should not be unwilling to die for the Saviour too." He did not know how soon he was to be put to the test.

SONNET.

BY JAMES EDMESTON, Esq.

Is there no power in the glorious beam
 Of the bright sun? Hath life so little worth?
 Or the rich garden of the joyous earth?
 Or the warm gushing of the spirit's stream,
 To tempt thee back? Dost thou so worthless deem
 The ties of friendship, and of love, that bind
 Within their silken cords the captive mind?
 That so unmoved by terror thou dost seem,
 And shrinkest not at the cold touch of death,
 Nor the devouring dogs that wait their prey,

Ready to seize, whene'er shall pass away
That airy chain of life—thy fleeting breath.
No! suns unsetting, heaven's far fairer bloom,
Life purer, never parting love, attend thy doom.

XV.

FOUR CHRISTIANS IN SLAVERY.

THE rest of the ten Christians were sold as slaves. Five of them were bought by the same master, and worked in the same field. After working hard all day, they were put in heavy irons every night. The rice that was allowed them for a week, was only enough for two days, and if their Christian friends had not fed them, they must have been nearly starved. An eminent Christian named Paul, was the eldest of the party, and he did much to strengthen them. He often repeated to them the forty-sixth psalm, and at midnight they used to pray and read the Scriptures together. Joseph and Ramanisa were after a while sent to another master, still more cruel, named Ramiandravola. If any accident happened to him, he accused them of being the cause, and said that they used witchcraft to injure him. Finding that they did their work

better than the other slaves, he made them overseers of all, and when the other slaves were idle, he made it an excuse to beat the overseers. He said, "It is your fault that they are idle; it is because you are so mild. I will show you how to treat those under you. Do with them in this manner;" and then he flogged poor Joseph and Ramanisa till the whip cut into the flesh.

While Joseph and Ramanisa were working under this cruel master, David and Simeon were employed in the rice-ground of Rainiharo. After three months, Rainiharo wanted them to wait upon his son; but first he caused them to be put to the ordeal of *tangena*, to be sure that they were free from witchcraft. Simeon got over it very easily, and was soon pronounced innocent. It made David very ill; he was in dreadful pain, and thought he was dying, and his friends came to bid him farewell. He did recover, though he could not see well for some months, and felt weak and ill for a very long time.

XVI.

THE HISTORY AND MARTYRDOM OF RAFARALAHY.

YOU will remember that when Rasalama was put to death, a young man named Rafaralahy was standing by. His father had left him some property. He had learned to read, and had opened his house for religious worship for some time, but did not give proof of being a true Christian till after the persecution began. He then gave up his heart to Jesus. He taught several of his servants to read, and had the joy of seeing many of his dearest friends become Christians. He was very anxious to see the same change in his beloved mother. He prayed most fervently for her, and often begged his friends to remember his "mother" in their prayers. He often sent a trusty servant with food and other things for his persecuted brethren. He divided his rice-ground, and set the larger portion of it apart for those who were in distress. He removed to a very retired place, and his house became a home for the afflicted Christians.

Rafaralahy spoke of the love of Jesus to his neighbours also, and was the means of leading

several to believe in the Saviour. There were three lepers in a hut not far from his house. This disease is very common in Madagascar, and those who are afflicted with it are much to be pitied. They are separated from their families, and live alone till death. Their friends take food for them, and place it at some distance from their huts that they may fetch it. Rafaralahy felt much for these three lepers, and often said to his Christian friends, "How happy they might be if they knew the Saviour! How pleasantly they might spend their time together in reading the Scriptures and conversing on the love of Christ. They might read, sing, and pray without any fear of being discovered; what a pity they had not learned to read before they were taken ill!" At last he resolved to go and teach them. They were very grateful to him, and in a few weeks they were able to read the Testaments which he gave them. One of them happening to lose his Testament, all three went in search of it for a whole day in vain. They returned to their shed, and kneeling down together they prayed that God would guide them to the place where their

treasure was. After the prayer they again searched, and soon found the book.

There was a printer named Rafiakarana, who had been one of the first to profess Christianity. He was also the first to speak to Rafaralahy about religion. When the queen forbade the worship of the true God, Rafiakarana turned round and took part against the Christians. Rafaralahy was so grieved that he went and talked to his old friend about his conduct. Rafiakarana pretended to be very sorry, and said that if he were not so poor, and had not a wife and children to support, he would not do so. He then asked Rafaralahy to take him into partnership. Rafaralahy did so, and was at length so imposed upon by Rafiakarana's professions that he invited him to meet the other Christians at his house. Rafiakarana had part of Rafaralahy's goods to sell, and when Rafaralahy asked him for the money, he went to Rainiharo and accused his kind friend and the rest of the Christians who met in his house. Rainiharo was the same cruel officer to whom David and Simeon were slaves.

Rafaralahy was seized and put in irons. Every thing was done to make him tell the

names of his companions, but he always said, "Let the queen do what she pleases with me, but I will not accuse my friends." When the executioners came to lead him forth, and asked, "Which is Rafaralahy?" he calmly answered, "I am, sir." They took off his irons, and told him to go with them. He arose immediately and went with them, speaking to them all the way of Jesus, and of the happiness he felt at the thought of shortly seeing him who had loved and died for him. When he reached the place of execution, he asked for a few moments to pray. He committed his soul to the Saviour and prayed most fervently for his country, and for his persecuted brethren. He then rose from his knees, and the executioners were going to throw him with violence on the ground. "No," he said, "there is no need for that; I have no fear of dying." He quietly laid himself down, and was immediately speared to death.

One of the three lepers had died in the faith of Jesus a few months before. The two others were full of grief and sorrow when they heard of the death of their dear kind friend. They begged the first Christian whom they saw to

teach them in his stead: he promised to do so, but was obliged only a few hours after to save his own life by flight.

Rafaralahy's property was all seized. Ra-fiakarana hoped to have come in for a share of the spoil: he pretended that some money was owing to him: instead of that, it was found that he owed fifteen dollars to Rafaralahy, and he narrowly escaped being sold into slavery. Who would not rather have been the martyr Rafaralahy than the apostate Ra-fiakarana?

XVII.

THE FLIGHT.

VERY soon after the death of Rafaralahy, the government gave orders to apprehend several more of the Christians. Rafaravavy was sitting talking with two friends of hers in a house not far from the capital, when some one brought the word that her life was again in danger, and that her two friends were also among the accused. Rafaravavy resolved to return to her master's house, as she thought she would rather be put to death at the capi-

tal, where some Christian friends might be near, than in that place where no one knew her. The three women set out together, and went on till they reached the foot of Ambohipotsy. As they went they talked together of the Saviour, and of the joy they should feel on seeing him for the first time in heaven. They knelt down and commended each other to his care, and then parted with the hope of shortly meeting in heaven. The two women went another way, and are thought to be still in exile. Rafaravavy went on alone, and as she went she ceased not to pray fervently that God would give her strength to lay down her life for his sake, if such were his holy will. When she reached her master's house, she found that he was out, and that the soldiers had not yet been for her. She went out to inquire further, and on her way she called at Simeon's house. There she found that Simeon and David were in the same danger. They talked and prayed together, and remembered the words of Jesus, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another;" and they began to think that it was their duty to try to save their lives by flight. The names of Paul and Andrianantoandro were also among the ac-

cused. Simeon and David sent a messenger for them, but he could not find them. The first part of the night was spent by Simeon and David in settling accounts, and in making up the money and other property which their master, Rainiharo, had trusted in their hands. This time was very precious to them, and the delay might have cost their lives; but they would not go till they had left in safe deposit what was owing to their master. The parcel in which they left the money did not reach the hands of Rainiharo for two or three months, and he thought that they had taken the money with them. When he opened the parcel and found the money and the unsold cloth, he was astonished at their honesty; and he said, "This is not the general custom of people, and especially of slaves who run away from their masters; these would, indeed, make excellent servants if they would leave off their religion."

Simeon's wife was in ill health, and she felt so much when she saw her husband prepare to go, that he resolved to run the risk of staying in the capital, that he might still be near her. He was hid three months in a friend's house. He had a warm hiding-place, espe-

cially in cooking time. He was hid in a kind of rack over the hearth. One day when he was there alone, a thief came in and stole some rice and meat. Simeon told his host, and he charged the man with stealing. The thief was much frightened, for he thought that God must have seen him and have told of him. Another time an officer and his *dekana* came in, and sat down under the place where Simeon lay, and they talked of the danger in which the Christians were, and how impossible it was that they could hide in any place where they would not be found out. Simeon heard it all, and yet they did not find him out. After three months he could no longer hide safely there, and he was obliged to leave the capital and go to his other friends.

We must go back to the Christians who were busy making up accounts. When the money was all made right, and they had again knelt and prayed together, Joseph, David, and his wife, Andrianimanana, and Rafaravavy, set out together at midnight. They walked that night and the next day, and though there were many watchmen about, they were not caught; and in the evening they safely reached the house of some friends who

lived fifty miles west of the capital. The names of these friends were Rafaralahy,* Andrianilaina, and Sarah his wife.

The morning after the five Christians had started, the officers went to seize Rafaravavy, and of course they could not find her. They took Paul and Andrianantoandro, put them in heavy irons, and tied up their hands in a small basket, which was a sign that they were sentenced to die.

XVIII.

THE FOREST.

THOUGH Rafaravavy and her friends had escaped from the capital, they could not be happy without knowing what had become of Paul and Andrianantoandro. Joseph and Andrianimanana were very tired, and they had been up the greatest part of three nights, but the next day they set out again, and walked back thirty-five miles to Paul's village. There they heard the sad news that he had

* This was another Rafaralahy. Rafaralahy, means the youngest son; and Rafaravavy, the youngest daughter. These are common names in Madagascar.

been taken up. The day after, they went back the thirty-five miles again, and joined Rafaravavy and their friends late in the evening.

Next morning they heard that soldiers were in search of them in all directions, and they were much perplexed to know whither to go for safety. At length Joseph and David resolved to hide in the forest. As their wives were not yet accused, it was thought better for them to remain at home, because the more there were together, the more difficult it would be to hide.

In the depth of the dark night, and in a pouring rain, Joseph and David once more set out on their dangerous journey. Before day-break they reached a friend's house, eight or ten miles from the capital. This friend did all he could to comfort them. He lighted a fire, dried their wet clothes, gave them food, a little money, a Bible, Testament, and tracts. He then sent them on part of the way till they had crossed some large streams, which were swollen by the torrents. Next day they plunged into the forest, and there they remained nearly six months.

Their friend came to them, and helped

them to build a little shed, and brought them rice from time to time. As he had forty or fifty miles to come every time, and could not venture to send any one else, if any thing had happened to him, they might have been starved. They suffered much from cold and rain, and more than once they were in danger of being taken up as robbers, by people who came to cut timber. They had, however, plenty of wood to make fires: and, what to them was the greatest comfort, they had plenty of time for reading and prayer. After three months, Simeon was obliged to leave his hiding-place in the capital, and he came and joined them. After four months, their friend had spent all his money, and he was obliged to go to another part of the forest to cut wood and make bowls, to sell at the capital. David, who was not so well known as the rest, was to go and help him, and they fixed a time and place to meet. Simeon and Joseph were so ill and weak from the cold and damp, that they could hardly stand upon their feet. David thought he would try to make them a more comfortable shed, before he went to join his friend; and in cutting wood for the new shed, he cut his foot so badly that he could not

walk. Now they were in a sad plight; their friend would not be back for three weeks, and he had only left just rice enough for two. They finished the rice in two weeks instead of three: then they tried to find roots and wild fruits to eat, but they could not; and they thought they had better run all risks, and try to reach their friends at the capital, than stay there and be famished. Lame, feeble, and half starved, they set out together, reached the capital in safety, and were concealed by their friends.

XIX.

RAFARAVAVY AGAIN.

Now let us go back, and see what has become of Rafaravavy. We left her with Rafaralahy and Andrianilaina and Sarah, just after her first escape from the capital. For some time she remained with these kind friends. They were very poor, and provisions were scarce; but they always shared their last morsel with her. In the day-time Rafaravavy used to hide herself among the crags of a neighbouring mountain, and Sarah generally kept her

company. At night, they used to get back to the house. They were often drenched with rain, and in danger from storms and lightning, and two or three times in great danger of being taken. Rafaravavy had one day a very remarkable escape, of which you shall hear.

The day was very cold, and she and Sarah had ventured to stay at home. Sarah heard the crows near the house making a noise. She thought they were eating the rice which had been put before the door to dry, and she started up. As soon as she got outside the door, she saw two men with spears coming. She turned, and in a low voice warned Rafaravavy. The men were so near, that she could not speak loudly. Rafaravavy had just time to get under a bedstead, and to cover herself with a piece of matting. If the crows had not made a noise, she must have been caught.

Sarah and her husband sat down by the fire-side. The two soldiers came in, and said that they had come to search for Rafaravavy. Andrianilaina evaded their questions as well as he could, without telling a falsehood. The soldiers remained talking for about an hour.

All this while, Rafaravavy saw and heard them through the matting. At first her heart beat, and she breathed so hard, that she was afraid they would hear her; but after a little time she committed herself to God, and peace returned, as she trusted in him. Many sweet passages of Scripture came to her mind, and comforted her.

Sarah quite gave her up: she went out, and whom should she see coming but Simeon's brother-in-law! He came to tell how Simeon had been obliged to leave the capital, and was waiting near the house, to know whether he could take shelter with them. Here was another difficulty. Sarah called Andrianilaina out. The soldiers thought that perhaps Rafaravavy was on the mountain, and that Andrianilaina had gone out to give her warning; so they came out too, and went to seek for her there. Simeon was very near being caught; the soldiers saw him, but they thought that he was a man who had just been to the house for some money. As soon as they were gone, Rafaravavy made her escape. She went out, not knowing whither to go, and saw the two men at some distance. She thought she would go to a village, whither

Rafaralahy had gone to see some sick friends. Night came on, and it was very dark, and the coarse long grass was often higher than her head, and it was very difficult to find her way. She thought of Christian going through the valley of the shadow of death. Late at night she reached the village, and found Rafaralahy, who got her a lodging for the night.

Rafaralahy and Andrianilaina were also obliged to escape, as they would soon have been taken up for hiding Rafaravavy. After they had gone the soldiers returned, and they came again and again to search the house by night. They found a Bible and a Testament. A Christian friend gave up his house to the wanderers for a little while, till they found that they could no longer hide securely there. Then they went to another village where another friend hid them for a few days. They soon found this place also unsafe, and the men and women agreed to separate. Rafaralahy and Andrianilaina hid for some time in a cave, while one hundred soldiers were searching for them. Before long they were obliged to leave the cave, and to seek some other hiding-place.

XX.

RAFARAVAVY AND SARAH PURSUED.

THE two women did not know whither to go. Sarah took Rafaravavy to a friend of hers at some distance. This friend was very glad to see Sarah, and she told her that soldiers had been there from the capital seeking for "some woman who had run away." Sarah did not tell her that Rafaravavy was "the woman." This news made the two friends very uneasy. They stayed the night, and the next morning set off on their journey back again to the friends whom they had left the day before. As they reached the village in which their friend lived, they passed a house in which they heard many people talking. When they reached their friend's house, she could scarcely speak to them for some time. At last she told them that soldiers were searching for them in every house, and that some of them, with Rafiakarana, the accuser of Rafaralahy, at their head, were in the house where they heard the talking. "And where," she said, "shall I hide you to-night and to-morrow morning?" After thinking a little, she put

them in a pit near her house, and covered it over with thorns and briers. There they were hid a night and a day. Perhaps they thought of the good woman who hid the messengers of king David in a well, and spread corn over the top.

Next day they came out, and their friend hid them for a few days in a small plantation of manioc. Some nights they slept between large stones on the river-side, and sometimes on the top of a grave, the long grass hiding them from sight. One day Rafiakarana and eight soldiers passed close by them, and did not see them. After ten or twelve days, they thought it was not safe to stay longer in one place, and they set off to another friend. The wife of Rafaralahy was now with them. They set out at cock-crowing, and had to pass through a market-place. They sent a lad on before them to give them a sign if he should see soldiers coming. Just as he reached the top of a hill, he saw twenty soldiers, and he made signs to the women. Sarah and Rafaralahy's wife ran fast, and got out of the way. Rafaravavy was so frightened that she could scarcely move. She turned into a bog close by, and hid herself among the rushes.

She was not quite hid, but the soldiers passed by without seeing her. She had sunk so deeply in the mud that she could not get out alone, and what grieved her most was, that her dear Bible on her back was being spoiled by the mud. Her two friends came up, and helped her out, and then they went on as fast as they could till evening, to get out of the way of the soldiers. Tired and hungry they sat down to rest awhile, and then fearing that their friends would be anxious about them, they went on their journey in the dark. It is a very different thing to travel in the dark in Madagascar from what it is in England. There are no nice, straight, broad roads, and mile-stones, and sign-posts; no gas-lights; and robbers, and fierce men are there in plenty to frighten women. Once four men ran after these poor hunted Christians, but they hid themselves in the long grass and escaped. They reached their friend's house, and found Rafaralahy and Andrianilaina there. Next morning, before dawn, they started again, and travelled ten miles to the house of another Christian friend, who was a great man in that district.

This kind friend had suffered much anxiety about them for the last fortnight, knowing

that so many were seeking for them. When he saw them safe and well, he burst into tears. He fixed a tent in his manioc plantations where the grass grew higher than the tent, and took them plenty of food every day. Here they remained in safety for three months. Several of this good man's family became pious at this time, and they and many of his servants learned to read the Bible. The Christians met in his house on the Sabbath. Very dear must they have been to one another, and very pleasant must those meetings have been.

XXI.

MORE NARROW ESCAPES.

ABOUT this time Mr. Johns visited Tamatave. He wished to see the Christians, and if possible, to lay some plan for their rescue. He could not write to them, as he did not know where they were hid. He therefore wrote letters to the queen, to Rainiharo, and to several of the officers, on purpose that his visit to Tamatave might be talked about, and that the Christians might hear of it. Rafaravavy and

her friends *did* hear the news, and so greatly did they long to see their missionary, that they were ready to run all risks to get to him. The way lay through the capital, the very heart of danger:—it was fifty miles to Tananarivo, and two hundred miles further to Tamatave, but danger and difficulty could not hinder them.

Rafaralahy was ill and could not go. Andrianilaina, Sarah, and Rafaravavy set off together. Andrianilaina and Sarah went first in white *lambas* as if they were master and mistress. Rafaravavy followed them as their servant, dressed in common *rofia* cloth, and with a bundle upon her head. So they went on for three days. On the third day, as they came within sight of the capital, two or three slaves overtook them. They knew Rafaravavy, and one of them said, “You are the sister of Razakamanana,” which was the name of Rafaravavy’s brother. Then the slaves turned off to the market. The Christians were very much frightened, for they thought that the slaves had gone to tell the people. One of them *did* go and tell Rafaravavy’s old master, but he did not believe her. Perhaps he thought that it could not be Rafaravavy.

for that she could not be so bold as to venture again to the place where she had three times narrowly escaped death. However it might be, the Christians safely reached their friends, and Rafaravavy was hid in the house of one friend, and Sarah in that of another. Meanwhile, Andrianilaina and a friend went on to Tamatave, to ask Mr. Johns what they had better do.

It was very difficult to hide Rafaravavy, as almost every one knew her. One day, after she had been hid for a fortnight, fifteen or twenty men came to search the house, not for her, but for some other purpose. They tried to push open the door of the place where she was, and found it difficult to open. That was because Rafaravavy was pushing hard on the other side. The men saw that the master of the house looked very uneasy, but they did not suspect the real reason. They thought that he had put his "ody" or charms there, and they hinted this to him. He did not think that he was obliged to correct their mistake, and they went out for a minute to give him time to put his charms away. Then he opened the door, and Rafaravavy ran out at a door on the other side of the house, and climbed

over a wall, and reached another friend's house without being caught. In less than a minute the men came back, and went to the place where she had been hid. Several Christian friends stood near, trembling for her.

Andrianilaina and his friend reached Tamatave safely. Mr. Johns was very anxious when he saw Andrianilaina, for he did not know how to hide him. He sent for an officer named Ramiandrahasina, and told him his difficulties. This kind friend took an empty house for Andrianilaina, and left his nephew James and a trusty servant to take care of him. He fixed a "kiady" or order that no one should enter, over the door. Then the friend who had travelled with Andrianilaina made haste back to the capital to fetch the other Christians. Mr. Johns sent them money and directions how to act, and expressed the hope that there would be a ship to take them all to Mauritius as soon as they should arrive. Simeon, David, and Joseph, had been obliged to leave the forest, and had reached the capital just before this, so the whole party resolved to set off together.

Rafaravavy wished much to see her nephew Andrianantoandro once more. He had been

in irons for six months, ever since the death of Rafaralahy. She dressed herself like a slave, and went to him after dark. The soldiers thought that she was a servant of one of his friends who used to take rice to him. He was asleep, and she did not dare to speak, lest the soldiers should know her voice. She pressed his hand, and left him, believing that she should see him no more. In the morning he heard of her visit, and was deeply affected.

RAFARAVAVY'S VISIT TO HER NEPHEW.

BY JAMES EDMESTON, Esq.

How like an angel visitant by night,
Did she in silence mark the captive's sleep;
To give with sad yet exquisite delight,
One parting pressure of the hand, and weep.

Did not a gentle dream then speak her near?
And sympathy of spirit shed a calm?
Some wondrous influence quiet every fear,
And breathe across the weary bosom, balm?

That single pressure, and that parting gaze,
The last perchance on earth's dark shadow plain,
Shall change to welcome! breathed amidst the blaze
Of Heaven's bright glories, when they meet again.

XXII.

THE JOURNEY TO TAMATAVE.

IT was late at night when Rafaravavy, Sarah, David, Simeon, and Joseph, set out from the capital. The prayers of the Christians who remained followed them, and many tears were shed at parting. Two friends went with them as servants. One of these servants was to go on before them, and if he saw any enemies coming, he was to call out, "Fain-gana leyiry," "Make haste." This did not really mean, "make haste," but, "Get out of the way as soon as you can." The other servant was to go behind, and if he saw any following them, he was to call out, "Andrasokely," "Wait a little;" which was to mean, "Go on as fast as possible."

In the morning, when about ten or twelve miles from the capital, they met some people. One of these people knew Joseph, and looked after him. The Christians turned into the forest, that the men might think they were going that way, and when the men were out of sight, they turned back into the high road. As they drew near a village, they again turn-

ed out of the road, prepared some food, and read Luke xviii. They took courage, especially from the twenty-seventh verse: "The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." It *seemed* almost impossible that they could go that long and dangerous journey without being caught, but they knew that it was not impossible with God. They went on in the evening by the light of a lamp which a friend had given them. When it was dark they divided, and passed through the village, hiding their lamp in their cooking vessels.

Beyond the village there was a very steep hill to go down. The rain poured, and the travellers slipped at every step, and were obliged to hold by each others' hands. Then they came to a hill just as steep and difficult to go up as the other had been to go down. They thought of Christian going up the Hill Difficulty, and like him they pressed on *for life*, till they reached the top. Then they had to go down again, and as they went they saw a light at a distance. They thought that perhaps one of the queen's letter-carriers was there, so they put out their light, and turned out of the road.

It was midnight, and they lay down and tried to sleep, but could not. They had no fire or shelter. The rain poured in torrents, and they were soaked through. They comforted each other with the thought of a world "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

About cock-crow, they went on their way. They had much to fear from this day's journey. Two or three hundred soldiers were going on before them to Tamatave. Many of these soldiers knew them well, and the Dekana of Rainiharo, and some of the officers who had been in search of Rafaravavy, were with them. The Christians had heard that these soldiers were encamping about ten miles off, and there was no way except through the camp. They thought that it would be the best plan to pass through them near the dawn of day, because as it is colder then than at any other time, the soldiers would be more likely to be keeping closely in their tents. They made haste on to get up to them in time, reached the place, and to their joy, found not a soldier there!

About nine o'clock they stopped to take some food. Presently they saw several men

in white lambas coming towards them. They turned out of the path, and the men followed them, and an instant after they saw many more turn out of the path to follow them too. Now they felt sure that these people were pursuing them. They hurried on to a hollow, and hid among the bushes, and the men passed by. They had not gone on again far before the servant who went on first called out, "Make haste there," which meant "Turn again into the wood." Thus they travelled on till they came to the great Mangoro river.

This river is so full of crocodiles that it is very dangerous to swim across it, and there is only one canoe kept by government to take people over. The boatmen had just taken some soldiers over when the Christian party came up, and thinking that they belonged to the soldiers they took them over without asking any questions.

As the Christians drew near the village where the soldiers really were, they turned aside to find another path. It was night, and they lost their way, and wandered about, thinking of Christian's trouble when he had lost his certificate. At last they found the path, and went on till they came to some wide

and deep water, with only a high and narrow plank across. Rafaravavy and Sarah felt afraid of venturing on the plank, and they tried to find some other way round without going over the water, but there was none. They thought of Christian and Hopeful asking the Shining Ones if there was no way to the Celestial City but through the river. With some trouble they got over in safety. Again they lost their way, and tired and hungry, with neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor guide, nor compass, they lay down to watch for the morning. They were too cold to sleep, and so weary that they could scarcely move their feet. At length morning broke in the east, and told them that that was the way they were to go. Then they thought of the star which guided the wise men to the infant Saviour. They travelled several hours, and then sat down to rest, and to join in prayer and praise.

XXIII.

THE JOURNEY TO TAMATAVE CONTINUED.

THE travellers had now to go through the great forest, where it would not be so easy to

turn quickly out of the way to hide. They dressed Sarah like an officer's wife, that it might seem as if she were going to meet her husband on the coast, and Rafaravavy was dressed as her servant, with a straw hat and a bundle on her head to hide part of her face. Thus they went on for four days. Once a party of soldiers passed near them. Another time they met several persons whom they knew, and they covered their faces as much as they could. They heard the persons whom they met say, "These people are ill of the small-pox; that is why they cover their faces." Another time they met a party of traders, who knew Simeon and saluted him. When the traders had passed, one of the servants lagged behind and listened to what they were saying. One of them said, "That is Andrianomanana (Simeon) who was sold to Rainiharo on account of his religion. Where can he be going now?" The other said, "Most likely Rainiharo has sent him to sell goods on the coast."

A little further on two men overtook the Christians, and asked questions as if they suspected them. The Christians sat down as if tired, hoping to get rid of them, and the men

sat down too. They turned aside to a village to rest for the night, and the men turned also. Then they said that they had altered their minds, and should go on to the next village, and presently they saw the men following them. These men kept dodging them, and frightening them for two or three days.

The fifth night of their journey the party rested in a village. The next morning Rafaravy was near being caught by a party of soldiers: she had only just time to turn out of the way. Another party of soldiers passed by, and did not observe the wanderers.

That night (the 6th) they came to a village where was a dekana, who knew them well, and they could find no other way than going through the village. A number of the people were sitting out in the middle, and the two troublesome men and another man who knew Rafaravy were among them. The Christians tried to pass on, but the people cried out, "Where are you going so dark a night as this? Why not sleep in the village as others do?" They answered, "We intended to go forward to the village before us." "Is there no food with us?" said the people. "Stop here as other people do." So the Christians

were obliged to stop, lest it should seem as if they were afraid. They turned into a house, and it happened to be the very next to the one in which the dekana lived. Rafaravavy lay down and covered herself with a lamba as if she did not feel well. The two men came in and left their packages under the care of the Christians, and went out. The friends thought that they had gone to fetch the soldiers to take them up, and they prayed earnestly to God that he would shut the mouths of these men. Soon the men fetched away their packages, and went to another house. This was the sixth night.

At cock-crow, the Christians went on their way again as fast as possible. They sat down to take some rice. The two men came up and sat down too, but would not take any rice with them, which looked the more suspicious. The men went on first and placed a large leaf in the road. The friends could not tell what that was for; they thought that it might be a signal to some of their enemies to follow them, so they threw the leaf away.

In the evening they came to a village which was almost empty, the people having gone to do work for government. The travellers

went into an empty house, and for the first night since leaving the capital they slept in peace. How sweet to them were these few hours of safety and repose! They called the house "The Porter's Lodge." In the morning, being very tired with so many days' walking, they tried to get a canoe to take them the rest of the way by water, but they had not enough money, and were obliged to go on by land. That evening they saw the two men again, and waited till they had passed. They went on along the beach that night to keep out of the way of the government letter-carriers. They rested a little in the morning, and journeyed on through the day. At dark they rested again, and started long before daybreak.

They were now drawing near the end of their journey. Their feet were so swollen that they could scarcely move, and some could not keep up with the rest. The risk of being taken was greater at every step. They sat down in the jungle, and sent on the two servants to their friends at Tamatave. Their rice was gone, and they were a day and a night quite without food. They then recollected some stale fat which they had brought

with them for their lamp, and they boiled it and ate it with thankfulness. Next morning the servants came back with many kind words of encouragement from their friend at Tamatave. His orders were, "Go back and take them to such a place, and leave them there; then come and tell me, and I will take my canoe and carry them across the lake after dark. This is a dangerous place; there are many soldiers here guarding every spot. Tell them to take courage, and I will do all I can for them, and as long as I am safe they will be safe." The servants brought some rice, of which the party were very glad, as they had now been nearly three days without anything but the fat to eat.

They went to the meeting-place at sunset; a man in a canoe came up: they thought it was the canoe for them, and in their joy had nearly discovered themselves. Soon after the right canoe came, and they were safely taken to their friend's house. O how joyful and grateful they felt when they found themselves there! They read John xvi., and even ventured to sing a hymn in a low tone. Ramiaudrahasina told them of the ship which was to come in ten days. He gave them food, and

left his nephew James with them to wait upon them, and to take care of them.

They had yet two more narrow escapes. One night Ramiandrahasina sent a person to fetch something from the house where they were. The man misunderstood, and thought that he was to fetch *them*. They went down close to the port. A heavy shower of rain came on just at the time, and drove the guards into the guard-house. If it had not been for this shower of rain, the Christians must have been caught. Ramiandrahasina was very much frightened when they reached his house. He had no place to hide them in, and he was obliged to take them back again. He told them not to speak, and that he would answer for them. As they went back, the guards came round them, and asked them whither they were going. Ramiandrahasina answered that "he and his friends were going to his country-house on business." As he was a great man, they let him and the party pass, and they safely reached their resting-place.

Mr. Johns had been at Tamatave, and made arrangement for the Christians to come there. Then to avoid creating suspicion by remaining too long, he sailed for the Mauritius, and

made an agreement with a captain there to bring away the refugees from Madagascar, and some kind Christian friends in Mauritius helped to pay the money for their passage.

In a few days the ship arrived. Ramian-drahasina sent the refugees word to cut their hair, and to go and wait for him in the jungle. He and some other friends came to them and brought them each a suit of sailors' clothes to put on. Then one of their friends went to the guards to amuse them with some tales, while the others took the Christians privately on board. The ship weighed anchor, and as they sailed away the captain said to them in Malagasy "Efa Kabary," which means, "The business is over," "All is safe." Then they asked his leave to join in a song of praise. How they *felt*, dear young friends, I leave you to imagine; I cannot attempt to tell you.

THE EMBARKATION OF THE REFUGEES.

Hark! o'er the waves a sound
Of hallowed minstrelsy,
Waking the slumbering echoes round
With its deep melody,
Now loudly pealing o'er the seas,
Now softly dying on the breeze.

Whence is that music's tone?
See ye across the tide,
While brightly gleams the morning sun,
A stately vessel glide?
She robs the spoiler of his prey,
She bears the rescued ones away

Wandering in deserts wild,
Or on the mountain's crest,
'Mid caves where sun-light never smiled,
Tormented and oppressed,*
Yet did faith's calm and stedfast light
Burn brightly through the darksome night.

And now that night grows pale,
'Tis freedom's blessed day;
Hark! they are singing as they sail,
O'er the blue waves away;
Weary and faint, yet "safe" they raise,
Unfearing now, their song of praise!

But, who their thoughts may know?
Earth still hath tender ties,
And tears of mingled joy and woe
May well bedim their eyes,
Who mourn the martyrs' cruel death,
Yet share their calm unswerving faith;
Who leave their own beloved land,
Suffering, yet in a Father's hand.

E. M. I.

Manchester.

Heb. xi. 37, 38.

XXIV.

A WELCOME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE exiles reached Port Louis in Mauritius, October 14th, 1838, and were most kindly received by the Christian people in that island. Ramiandrahasina and James arrived there in November. They were now eight in number, and on the 2nd of December, six of them set sail for South Africa on their way to England. Rafaravavy, Sarah, Simeon, David, Joseph, James and Mr. Johns, made up the party. Andrianilaina had thought of a plan for rescuing his persecuted brethren, and chose to be left behind. He wished Sarah his wife to go with Rafaravavy to England, that she might get useful knowledge there, and teach him when she came back. Ramiandrahasina remained with Mr. Baker.

At Algoa Bay, the Christians saw Mr. and Mrs. Chick, and Mr. Kitching, who had lived a long time in Madagascar. At Port Elizabeth, the Hottentot Christians showed them much kindness. The Hottentots generally speak the Dutch language, though it is not their own original language. They found a

man who could speak both Dutch and Malagasy, and tried to talk to their visitors through him as an interpreter, but he felt no interest in religious subjects, and could not explain their feelings. Then they found out another way to converse with each other. It was through their Bibles. They each turned to the same passage in the Dutch and Malagasy Bibles, Gen. xi. 1st to 7th verse, which tells of the confusion of languages at Babel. Then the Hottentots begged their interpreter to say for them, how much they were grieved that they could not converse with their Malagasy friends, for their hearts were full of love to them. "Do not fear," said they, "you are now among friends! Our fathers were once cruel and savage, murdering strangers, and devouring them; but God has had compassion on us, and has sent us missionaries who have taught us concerning Jesus Christ." They asked their friends to read Eph. ii. 2—5. "Among whom we all had our conversation in times past." &c. The Malagasy were delighted, and in their turn pointed to the 14th and 15th verses, "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition;" &c., and to

Gal. iii. 28th, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Another time the Hottentots came and pointed to John xvi. 33. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," &c., also to 2 Tim. iii. 12; Acts xiv. 22; and the Malagasy answered by turning to Rom. viii. 35 to 39. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution?" &c.

When these dear though newly found friends were about to part, they joined in singing a hymn. They could not sing the same hymn because their languages were different, but the tune was the same. The poor Hottentots made a little collection among themselves to help in paying the expenses of the voyage to England. They went down together to the beach, and while they waited for the boat which was to take the refugees to the ship, they knelt and commended each other to God, and parted with warm affection and with many tears.

THE MEETING OF THE HOTTENTOTS AND
THE MALAGASY.

Though on the wide world rests the curse by God
spoken,

When He scattered the nations by Babel's proud wall,
One bright bond of union remaineth unbroken,
The language of Canaan speaks sweetly to all.

From the isles on whose strand rolls the dark Southern
Ocean,

The strangers sought refuge on Africa's shore ;
And the soft tones of love and the heart's deep devotion,
Blend sweetly in tones which ne'er mingled before.

All one in Christ Jesus, one home they are seeking,
And gladly the pilgrims converse by the way ;
The children of God,—of His love they are speaking,
And "the wall of partition" is broken away.

How precious that volume of blest inspiration,
Which teaches the strangers the language of love !
Oh ! wide let us spread it, till each distant nation
On earth learn the tones which are spoken above.

E. M. I.

Manchester.

The refugees next touched at the Cape, and were as kindly welcomed there as at other places. There, too, they saw Mr. Cameron, another missionary artisan, from Madagascar. A few days before they left, Dr. Philip spent an afternoon with them, and gave them much

good advice. Perhaps he feared that from so much kindness and attention, their hearts might be lifted up, and that they might grow proud and self-indulgent. They were very thankful for his kind advice; and when they reached their lodgings, they wrote down all that they could remember, and each kept a copy, and read it often.

XXV.

A WELCOME IN ENGLAND.

IN May 1839, the Malagasy Christians reached England. A meeting was held in Exeter-hall, on Tuesday, the 4th of June, to bid them welcome to this happy land. The hall was crowded. The six refugees were in front of the platform, in their white lambas, and they rose and answered questions put to them in their own language by Mr. Freeman. They were afterwards taken, one or two at a time, to many other meetings, in different parts of England, as well as in Scotland and Wales. They were very much surprised with all that they saw, and wished very much that their own dear country might become as

happy as England. They were very grateful for all the kindness shown to them; and before they could say so in words, would express their thanks with a bright smile. They did not seem at all puffed up by the attentions paid to them. They believed that the Christians of England loved them for the sake of Jesus; not for any great merit in themselves; so it did not make them proud.

Perhaps you will suppose that they were now perfectly happy, but think how many sad and anxious thoughts must at times have filled their minds about their dear suffering friends in Madagascar. There Simeon and David and Joseph had left their wives, and Rafaravavy her husband and her daughter. Parents, and brothers and sisters, too, were there, and friends as dear to them as these for Jesus' sake. How anxiously they must have looked for letters; and yet, with what a trembling hand they must have opened them, fearing to find sad news therein. Their friends at Walthamstow purchased a printing-press for their use, and they soon employed it to print a letter to their friends in Madagascar, that they might send copies to many. The letter was quite their own writing. You shall see a

little of what they say. After telling how many friends they have found in England, and what a favoured land England is, they say, "Although we are thus happy, in the enjoyment of many mercies in this land, yet our hearts are full of grief and sighing, when we remember you, with whom we often united in prayer and praise, and who are still enduring persecution. Dear friends, we cannot forget you: we are partakers of your sorrows, and sympathize with you in your afflictions. When we heard of your enduring cruel scourgings, we felt as if we also had been scourged with you. When we heard of your being subjected to hard and cruel labour, we felt as if we were under your burdens. When we heard of your being compelled to leave your houses, and, without any settled abode, wandering about in the wilderness, hiding yourselves in dens and caves of the earth, exposed to the heat of the sun by day, and the cold air of the night, we felt as if we were with you in all your journeys, and taking a part in all your troubles."

Then they go on to tell their friends, that they had sometimes spent a whole day in fasting and prayer on their behalf, and particu-

larly for the queen, that God would change her heart. They say, "we feel no resentment, only pity. We cry to God, if it be his will to cause us and our persecutors to inherit together eternal life, as Saul and Stephen are now in heaven."

Then they add many words of encouragement. "Be strong, beloved friends, and do not be discouraged; these afflictions will not last long; better days are at hand. If you should not be delivered from them while you continue in this world, in Heaven you will be free from them all. And in all your wanderings and afflictions be not discouraged, for God is the Rock of ages; upon him you can stand firm; he is a pillar, on him you can lean without fear; he is a shield and a stronghold for you, and his word is a lamp to your feet; wait for him and trust in him, and he will uphold you with the right hand of his righteousness. He shall cover you with his feathers, and under his wings shall you trust. He will gather you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; he will increase your strength, and will guide you even to death."

Rafaravavy and Sarah remained with Mrs.

Johns, and had lessons every day. David was placed with a minister, Joseph went to school at Walthamstow, and James to the school in the Borough-road, to learn to be teachers to their countrymen. These three young men learned to speak English very well before they left England. At first, as you may suppose, they sometimes made rather curious mistakes. You shall hear of one that Joseph made. When he had only been a short time in England, he went to Bristol to attend some meetings, and was taken ill of small-pox. The good woman who nursed him wished to give him something to remember her, and she offered him the only thing she had that was likely to be useful to him—a *steel pen*. Joseph had learned the word *steal*, and when the good woman said, “a steel pen,” he thought from the sound that it was the same word, and that she had stolen the pen. He shook his head and drew back quite shocked, and nurse could not persuade him to take it. As she could not imagine why he would not accept her present, she felt very much hurt. No missionary was by to explain, and it was not till months after that Joseph found out his mistake. It was a joke

against him for some time. I do not know whether poor nurse heard the explanation. If not, perhaps she may see it in this little book.

Simeon was very anxious about his wife, whom he had left in Madagascar. What he had himself suffered, with the thought of what his dear friends were suffering still, was quite too much for him, and his spirits sank. Mr. Johns left England, August 16, 1840, to try to rescue some more of the Christians, and he took Simeon with him to Mauritius, hoping that the change would do him good.

XXVI.

MORE MARTYRS IN MADAGASCAR.

YOU will wish to hear a little of what was passing in Madagascar all this while.

A Christian woman, of the name of Ravahiny, was taken up at the time of Rafaralahy's martyrdom, and may be called the third martyr of Madagascar. Her husband separated from her, her father shut his door against her, she was sold into slavery, put to the ordeal, and *died*.

About the time that the refugees sailed from

Tamatave, three more women were accused of meeting for prayer. These were Razanaka, the wife of Simeon; Raminahy, the wife of David; and Ratsaramiarana. Raminahy and Razanaka escaped to a desert part. Ratsaramiarana was scourged till she swooned, to make her tell the names of her companions, which she still nobly refused to do. She was sold into slavery, and ordered to take the tangena, but contrived to escape.

In 1840, persecution broke out again, and sixteen more Christians, who had been hiding themselves for nearly two years, were caught as they were on their way to Tamatave, trying to escape to Mauritius. For three days they were brought before the judge and questioned. On the third day, they resolved boldly to speak the whole truth; and they said, "Since you ask us again and again, we will tell you. We are not banditti nor murderers — *we are praying people*; and if this make us guilty in the kingdom of the queen, we submit to suffer." "Is this, then," said the examiner, "your final reply, whether for life or death?" "It is our final reply," said the Christians, "whether for life or death." "Who sent you from Tananarivo?" said the examiner. "No

one," they answered, "we went forth of our own free will."

After the Christians had thus openly confessed Christ, they were filled with peace and joy. They said to one another, "Now we are like Christian, and Faithful, when they were led to the city of Vanity Fair." Nine of them were led out and speared to death. Paul and his wife, and Joshua and his wife were among them; also David's wife Raminahy, who had escaped once, and had now been taken up again. How she must have longed to see her dear husband once more, and how he must have felt when the news reached him of her death! Simeon's wife also died before he reached Mauritius, but not by martyrdom. She had been ill a long time.

The nine Christians who were speared, were some of those whom Mr. Johns had hoped to rescue.

XXVII.

SARAH'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

SARAH'S health had been declining for some time before Mr. Johns and Simeon left Eng-

land, and there were thoughts of sending her also to Mauritius, but before the time came she was too ill to be moved, and she saw Andrianilaina no more. Her mind was in perfect peace—in simple repose upon her Saviour's love, and she had no fear of death. She loved the Scriptures and prayer. Before her illness, she would sometimes join with Rafaravavy in spending a whole day in their own room, in prayer for their country. A few weeks before she died, she heard of the martyrdom of her friends in Madagascar, and she spoke with much delight of her hope of soon meeting them in glory. She wept much to think what Mr. Johns's disappointment would be when he reached Madagascar, and found that he was too late. She spoke of her husband also. A few days before her death, she tried to thank the friends who had been kind to her in her illness. When fainting in death, she said in Malagasy, "Jesus, Jesus, thou art now taking me." Her breathing became shorter and shorter; she turned her head and smiled on a friend who was kindly watching her, and gently "fell asleep." She died at Walthamstow, on the 26th of

December 1840, being twenty-two years of age.

XXVIII.

LETTER FROM SHAGDUR.

THE four remaining Christians could not return to Madagascar, for the punishment for only leaving the country, without the queen's leave, was to be burnt alive. But there are a great many Malagasy living in Mauritius, and it was thought that the Christians could be very useful as teachers among them, till there should be some change in Madagascar. They, therefore, prepared to leave England with Mrs. Johns in 1841. I must tell you of a letter that came to them before they left.

This letter was not from Madagascar, nor from any country which the Malagasy had visited, nor from any person whom they had ever seen. It came from a country far distant both from England and from Madagascar, where the people speak a strange language and are for the most part in heathen darkness. Thither missionaries have carried the gospel, and there, as in Madagascar, a

little band of Christians have gathered, and from them as from the Christians of Madagascar, the missionaries have been driven away. The name of that country is Siberia, and the people are Mongol-Buriats. The country is cold, but the hearts of the Christians there are as warm as are the hearts of those who come from the sunny isle of Madagascar. These are some of the words of Shagdur, the Siberian convert, to the Malagasy refugees:—

“DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS, AND BRETHREN IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—I send you a salutation of peace. I am a Mongol-Buriat of the Chorina tribe, living in Siberia, towards the rising of the sun; and my dwelling is on the south side of the Ona river which flows westward, close by the house of our missionary, Mr. Swan.

“I have heard from my teachers concerning you, beloved ones, and of your having gone to reside in England. I have heard also about your queen having put grievous hindrances in the way of Christ’s precious and joy-giving salvation. It was painful for me to hear of my dear brethren in the faith

of Christ's blessed name suffering trouble. We, with our teachers Mr. Swan and Mr. Stallybrass, pray for you. One Sabbath evening, Mr. and Mrs. Swan told us all about you; and more than that they showed us your portraits in a book, and knowing your circumstances, I wished to write to you and to say 'Mender anoz' (health and peace) great health and peace to you all. Is not this our Lord's command, 'Love one another?' Although we are far scattered, is not the Lord our God always near us, and watching over us?

"Ah! beloved ones, at the time of my writing this letter I am in great trouble. I will tell you of it. It is now Thursday. Next Sabbath will be our last day. I cannot write at large, but the holy work of God is here brought to an end. It is very grievous. Christ's dear word was preached to us every day. There was daily prayer, and there were boys and girls at school. God's holy word was translated and printed and distributed to many people, and I also went about distributing the books to many of my brethren, and conversed with them. But our joy and delight are ended; the missionaries with their families are all about to leave us, and I am

my few friends are to be forsaken in this great and frightful valley of destruction. Ah! you believers in Christ have experienced what it is to see your dear missionaries who had come to reside in your country, returning to their native land.—Dear friends, we being fellow sufferers, let us pray for each other in the presence of God our Comforter. When the heart and soul trust in God there is peace, and yet to our weak flesh, separations are very painful, very heavy. Ah! there is no famine to be compared to a famine of the word, yet great is his mercy, and all power over heaven and earth being given to Christ, nothing can happen without his permission. May the shut door in your country, as well as in ours, be soon opened.”

“I would write a word about the false religion of this country. Our people say there are gods without number; they say too that let men’s sins be very many, and let them die in their sins, a lama (a priest) can forgive and cleanse away their sins. In such vanity and darkness I once was, but the mercy of God rescued me, opened my wicked heart, and showed me the grace of Christ. God’s grace, and Christ’s merciful love are wonderful, deep,

great. Ah! I was dead, but am alive, was lost and am found. When I think of this, I can only wonder. Ah! if we few sheep have not shepherds, we shall be like forsaken ones, and mourn, but we trust God will keep us, and show us what is right.

“My writing time is ended, and I must stop. Farewell. Great peace to you!

“Your well-wisher,

“SHAGDUR, SON OF Kenat.

“*January* 1841.”

This letter had to be twice translated, first by Mr. Swan, into English, and then by Mr. Freeman, into Malagasy. The refugees wrote an answer to it, which again had to be translated into English, and then into the language of the Buriats. This is part of their answer:—

“BELOVED FRIENDS,—We have received your letter conveyed to us by the Rev. Mr. Swan, and we rejoiced when we heard it read to us in English, and again when we heard it in our language, the Malagasy. We are delighted to find that there are believers in Christ in Siberia, who sympathize with us;

and we bless God, who has regenerated your hearts and ours.

“We thank you for the kind salutations you have sent us respecting our safe and happy arrival in England—a land that God preserves and watches over, that it may be for the protection of all who are distressed. We have been exceedingly grieved, dear friends, to hear of your heavy afflictions. We were ready to say as David formerly did, ‘Deep calleth unto deep,’ for so it seemed in relation to our mutual afflictions, yours as to your friends, and ours as to our friends. Yes, beloved friends, our hearts were deeply affected when we heard of your painful separation from your Christian teachers. It brought to our recollection the day when we separated from our missionaries also, for that was indeed a dark day to us when the messengers of God left us. Nevertheless, we took confidence from the words of Jesus to his disciples: If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send him unto you.’ That promise we turned into prayer, and it strengthened our hearts, and through his compassion we obtained strength equal to the day of our trial, and the Comfort-

ter, the Holy Spirit, has led us into the truth to follow it; and many have continued steadfast to the end, and have resisted even unto the shedding of blood, as it has been with you.

“We would say to you, beloved friends, under your present trials, be strong in your prayers to God, and trust him for ever, for he is a Saviour at hand in the day of affliction, and he knows them that put their trust in him. He will never leave you nor forsake you, for he said to his disciples, ‘Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;’ and we trust that he will be with you, for his love does not change towards them that put their trust in him.

“We cannot write at any great length to you, beloved friends, for the time for us to leave England for the Mauritius is near at hand, for we are preparing our packages, and have only a few days left.—It may be, we shall never have the opportunity of meeting in this world, yet we hope for a better meeting with you when Jesus shall come to gather in his elect from the four corners of the earth; then shall we meet when Jesus shall say, ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the

kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' And then shall we be able to converse together on all the sufferings which befell us while we were yet on earth. God shall wipe away all tears from our faces, and shall turn our grief into joy, for, says the Saviour, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' as if he would say, there is none in heaven, 'but I have overcome the world.'

"May the God of love and peace be with your spirit, beloved friends. Farewell! Say—

"MARY RAFARAVAVY.

"JOSEPH RASOAMAKA.

"DAVID RATSARAHOMBA.

"JAMES ANDRIANISA.

"*Walthamstow, October 1841.*"

How beautiful is that principle of Christian love which can draw together hearts by nature so widely separated. How sweet will be their communion in heaven where the infirmities of earth will be unknown, where distance and persecution shall never separate them, and they shall for ever rejoice in the presence of their God and Saviour!

XXIX.

DEPARTURE OF THE REFUGEES, AND LETTERS FROM
MADAGASCAR.

ON the 5th of October, a public service was held in London, to bid the Christians farewell. The three young men spoke in our language. They returned thanks for the many kindnesses they had received in England, and begged that English Christians would pray earnestly for Madagascar, for their queen, and for them. Rafaravavy answered questions in her own language, and Mr. Freeman interpreted. On Tuesday, October 12, the four refugees, Rafaravavy, Joseph, David, and James, with Mrs. Johns, embarked for Mauritius. A large party of Christian friends accompanied them to the ship.

A letter, written by Mr. Baker, the missionary printer in Mauritius, dated August 1841, mentions that two hundred Christians in Madagascar were then wandering from mountain to mountain in search of food, and to escape their persecutors. The queen had given orders that wherever they were found they should immediately be put to death; that a

hole should be dug in the ground, and that they should be put in head foremost, and boiling water poured over them to destroy them. Mr. Baker also sent over two letters from those at the capital. Here is an extract from one, to a friend on the coast of Madagascar, dated

“Tananarivo, June 25, 1841.

“Our salutations to you, say the little flock in Madagascar. Through the blessing of God on us, we are yet alive, and do not forget you, and all our friends. Affliction greatly increases. Executions, miseries, and ordeals throughout the country increase, so that three thousand persons have lately taken the tangena in Vonizongo, by order of the sovereign and the officers, and at other places it has been the same. The wretchedness of the people is unutterable.”

They then mention, that the bearer of the letter may be safely trusted with messages, and add, “Tell him what you advise us to do. Do rescue us, beloved father, if possible. If God be not our defence, we are dead men; we are as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid.

“Our government service continues to be excessively severe. When the children of

Israel served under Pharaoh, perhaps they gained some little respite, at any rate by night; but *ours* is incessant labour; we must work both day and night."

Here is part of a second letter, to the same friend, written about the same time by four other Christians :

"To you, beloved friend, health and happiness. We have received your letter, and the various things sent with it, cloth, soap, and salt. May God bless you for the compassion you have shown to the suffering and afflicted people of God. We have, indeed, in you a friend. It is not in our power to repay you. May He bless you, and all that is yours.

"You desire us to come to you; that is good; but, as yet, there is too much public business on the road to permit the attempt. Many are engaged, going and returning, in conveying timber from the forest, for building houses for the queen. The path is therefore, dear friend, too narrow as yet; but, through the blessing of God, we do hope to meet you.

"You exhort us to take courage, and not to be cast down. We accept your exhortation, and we take all confidence, and rejoice; and you further ask us, if there is any thing

we want; adding, that we should write and tell you. Now there is one point on which we are much afflicted—our want of Bibles. We can conceal them, though there are many enemies. Those we possess are quite worn out.

“And with regard to the means of our support, it may be said we have and we have not. All our property was taken from us before we were reduced to slavery. However, this is the word of the Lord, ‘Consider the ravens; they sow not, they reap not, yet God feedeth them;’ and just so, beloved friend, the Lord has pity on us!

“We have been in very great affliction and danger, but God has mercifully preserved us hitherto. Salutations to all the congregation with you, from the little flock scattered, for the shepherds are gone.”

Mrs. Johns and her four companions reached Mauritius on the 22nd of January 1842. Mr. Johns made several little voyages to different parts on the coast of Madagascar. He wished, if possible, to succour some of the persecuted Christians, and to find out some place out of the power of the queen, at which teachers could be left. At last he succeeded in fixing Rafaravavy and Joseph on a little

island off the western coast. Here they began to teach the chiefs and people to read the Bible. They had many pupils, and were much encouraged, when the French came, and brought a Roman Catholic priest instead, and drove them away.

Letters from Madagascar in 1842 and 1843 tell the same tale as the letters of 1841. Here is one of them:—

“*Antananarivo, July 8, 1842.*”

“May you live and be blessed of God, O beloved friend! I tell you that our trials are greater now than ever, because the number of the persecuted Christians is increasing daily. The officers of the queen are searching for them everywhere to put them to death. We do not know what to do, as the road for escape in all directions is almost impassable, and our hiding-places are nearly all known to our enemies, so that the persecuted Christians are at present truly afflicted. If you can find any way for us to escape, write to us immediately, in answer to this letter. And may you live and be blessed of God, O beloved friend!”

Other letters relate how more of the Christians have suffered martyrdom, and have been faithful unto death.

XXX.

LIGHT BREAKING.

Now I am going to tell you of some glorious news that has just come to England. The prayers we have offered for Madagascar have not been in vain. Dear children, *your* prayers have helped to win this joy.

Who do you think has begun to love the Saviour? The queen? No; not the queen herself, but you are very near. The queen's only son, Ra-kótond-radáma, the heir-apparent to the throne.

We will tell you how it was. After the nine Christians were put to death in 1840, the remainder became discouraged, and they were almost ready to let go their faith. But there was one young man, who did not yield to fear. He was called by his brethren, Ra-salasala, or, *The Bold One*. He grew the more courageous as the others grew faint, and he held meetings among them, and preached to them every Sunday, and Wednesday, and Saturday. Many came to hear and a hundred were converted; and amongst those who were converted, was Ra-kotond-radama. See what good one earnest Christian can do, when

all beside are lukewarm. See what good one *youth* may do.

Five months after Ra-kótond-radáma had begun to believe in Jesus, twenty-one of the Christians were made prisoners by the cruel queen. Every one thought they would be put to death. Now, what did the young prince do? Did he keep silence, and let them die, lest his mother should be angry, and kill *him* too? No, he spoke out. He begged his mother to spare him. And God caused her to hearken to the entreaties of the boy, and she saved their lives.

Ra-kótond-radáma is seventeen years of age. It is a very hard word, but I hope you will master it, so that you may be able to pronounce it quite easily, and use it in talking to one another, and use it in prayer to God, for Ra-kótond-radáma wants you to pray for him. Kind Mr. Freeman, who lived in Madagascar some years, and knows all about the Malagasy language, has explained to us the meaning of the name, and told us how to pronounce it. The letter *a* is to be sounded like *a* in the word *father*; and the letter *o* is to be sounded like *o* in the word *who*, *i. e.* as *oo*. The emphasis is to be laid on the second and

fifth syllables. The meaning is, “the son, or youth, of Radama.” Radama was the name of the late king, his father. *Ra* is simply a prefix to proper names in common use in Madagascar; *Koto* is “a youth,” “a son;” *nd* is for *ny*, a pronoun, signifying *of him*, *y* being changed into *d* for the sake of sound before the *r*.

Now you understand the word, and can pronounce it, I hope.

Oh! let this great answer to prayer, which God has sent us, make us bold in asking for other things! Let us pray for the young prince, that he may hold on his way, even though his mother should threaten him with degradation or with death. Let us pray on, and, perhaps, the next news will be, that the queen herself is converted, and that the persecution has quite ceased.

XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This little book is not intended for your amusement only. It has been written to excite your pity for the guilty, miserable heathen, that you may resolve to do your utmost to send the Gospel of the

blessed Jesus to all the world. When that has touched all hearts, war, and torture, and ordeals will be unknown: there will be no bloody persecutors, no cruel queens *then*.

Especially do we want you to pity and pray for the Christians of Madagascar. You may send them relief; you may help them to escape; and you should be eager to do this; but God alone can change the hearts of the queen of Madagascar and of her officers, and to Him, therefore, must you chiefly look. If the dear Christian people of that island were in prosperity, and you were in affliction, they would not be slow to feel for you; and because you have every thing to make *you* happy, will you forget how *they* are suffering?. Oh! when in peace and plenty you gather around the well-furnished table, and from day to day are clothed, and warmed, and fed, think of those who are enduring hunger, and thirst, and cold, and nakedness. When sheltered beneath your father's roof from summer's heat and winter's cold, or resting your head on your pillow at the close of day, to pass the night in dreamless and refreshing sleep, think of those who are "wandering in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth." "In the day the drought consumes them, and the frost by

night." When fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, smile upon you, and you rejoice in their affection, think of those who have become outcasts from the homes and hearts so dear to them, for the sake of Jesus. When, as the Sabbath morning returns, you go hand in hand with dear parents to the house of God, and join with them in the song of praise, and kneel with them in prayer, and listen to the words of life and love from the lips of your pastors and teachers, think of the persecuted wanderers on the hills of Madagascar, hiding their Bibles in the earth, and forbidden to mention the very name of Jesus.

And are there any of you, who, though young in years, have already been called to stand by the death-beds of dear parents, and relatives, and friends, ministering to their comfort by every means that love and tenderness could suggest, and following them to the grave, while weeping friends united to comfort you? Surely *you* must have felt for the martyrs of Madagascar. No pitying eye but that of their heavenly Father looked on them; fierce soldiers stood around them; they perished by the hand of violence; their bodies were left to the dogs, and their bones to the winds of heaven. Think of all these things,

and while with a grateful heart you bless your heavenly Father for his goodness to you, ask of him the same mercies for the Christians who are yet suffering in Madagascar.

Did it ever come into your minds that days of persecution may be in store for you? Did you ever ask yourselves whether you could stand the test of martyrdom? Would you “choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season?” If you would have the faith, and fortitude, and joy of the martyrs of Madagascar, you must seek strength where they found it—at the foot of the Cross—in the constant prayerful study of God’s blessed word—and in holding fast the hope of eternal life through Christ Jesus.

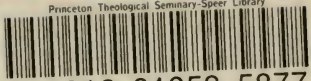
If not called to *suffer*, are you at all events ready to *live* for Christ? Are you resolved to spend and to be spent for him? To labour for wealth that you may consecrate it to his service? For influence, that you may lay it at his feet? To leave all whom you love, and go and preach him among the Gentiles, if he should so ordain? You must enter into the labours of his servants, if you would share in their reward.

And do not fix your thoughts on their pre-

sent sufferings alone. These are but the things of a moment. Before the throne of God there stands a glorious company, gathered "out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." Rasalama and Rafaralahy, and others from Madagascar are there. Do they now regret the transient sufferings of earth? Do they wish that they could have escaped the spear which called them into the presence of Him whose side was pierced for them? Do they think of the cave, the forest, and the mountain,—the chilling cold, and the burning heat of Madagascar now? No, they bless the day which brought the gospel to their shores, even though deadly persecution followed in its train. They came indeed "out of great tribulation," but they are now "clothed in white robes, and have palms in their hands." They "hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" the sun lights not on them, "nor any heat;" and God has wiped "away all tears from their eyes."

Dear young friends, do you propose, by God's grace assisting you, to meet them there?

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